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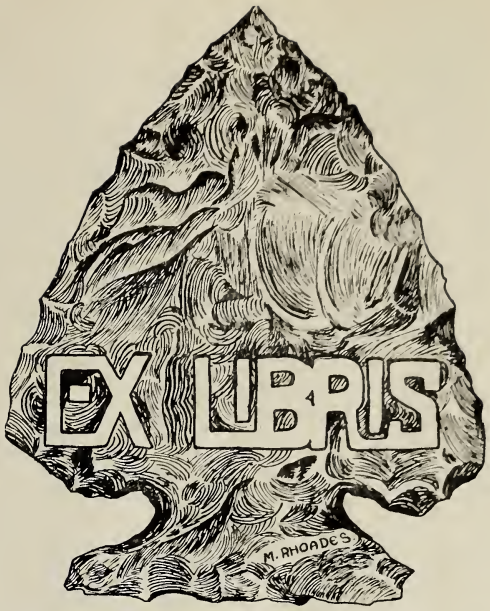
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, GREENVILLE, OHIO
TO TRAIN FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP
TREATY CITY
1795
1814
MUSIC
ART
LIBERAL ARTS



Joe Strakes '24
Greenville Ohio

WM H WILLIAMS CO., GREENVILLE, O

THE CHIEF

Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS
of the Greenville High School

With the Aid and Assistance of the
STUDENTS of the GREENVILLE
-:- -:- HIGH SCHOOL -:- -:-

VOLUME XIII MAY 1923

Allen County Public Library
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1868-1923

Dedication

This volume is dedicated to the old West School Building to sustain the memory of the many happy hours spent there.

"In Memoriam"

Our dear old building is about to go;
We hate to see it as we love it so.
It's stood for many a year gone by;
In thinking of it, we have to sigh.

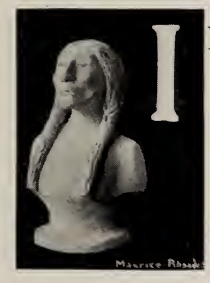
They're tearing it down now piece by piece,
And soon the echoes of hammers shall cease;
And in its stead, a new one so grand
Shall grace the place where the old one did stand.

Here's hoping the new one in all of its glory
Shall continue to teach the same old story
Of faithfulness, "Charity, obedience and love"
Which we daily saw on the old walls above.

EDNA DRILL, '24

7136669

Foreword



IN presenting this book to you, we have endeavored to disclose to you the activities of our high school for the past year. It is in keeping with the spirit of our high school that we have tried to publish an Annual superior to any preceding volume. In the course of compiling this book, we have adopted some changes, and we sincerely hope that they will not prove entirely unsatisfactory to our worthy readers. To present to you a volume which has no errrors may have been a task too great for us; but if, in future years, it will recall to memory the pleasant associations during these happy school days, we feel that we have not altogether failed in our purpose.

Modeled in Clay by Richard Murphy

MINOR McCOOL
Superintendent

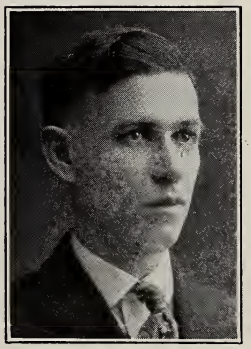
O. O. Ottman
Spanish

J. J. Martz
Mathematics

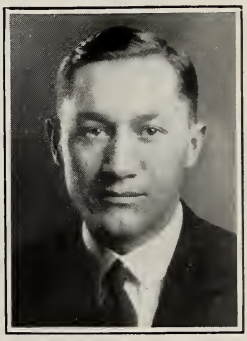
Paul C. Warner
Biology and
Agriculture

H. H. Krickenberger
Industrial Art

Harry C. Metzger
Physics and Chemistry



C. L. Bailey
Principal



John O. Fry
Algebra and
Modern History

Anna Bier
Art

N. D. Messinger
Music

Esther Patrick
Household Arts

Dorothy Evans
Physical Education

EDNA KIDWELL
English

ANNA STEPHENS
Typewriting and
Stenography

SYLVIA BALTHASER
Commercial

ELIZABETH MCCABE
English

PAULINE BIEBER
Spanish and Latin

MARGARET LAIR
History

GLADYS DAVENPORT
English

HELEN LINDSEY
Latin and French

C. L. ALLEN
History and Civics

CHESTER GRIEBLING
General Science

ROY F. PEDEN
Athletics

HARRY L. GRAY
English and
Vocational Civics

IN THE CITY PARK

STAFF

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Assistant Editor - - - - - - - - - - Mary McCabe
Business Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - John Rush
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Subscription Agent - - - - - - - John Coleman
Assistant - - - - - - - - - - - Winona Sharkey
Typists - - - - - - - - Ester Meyer, Vesta Riffle, Ralph Dickey, Thelma Peffley

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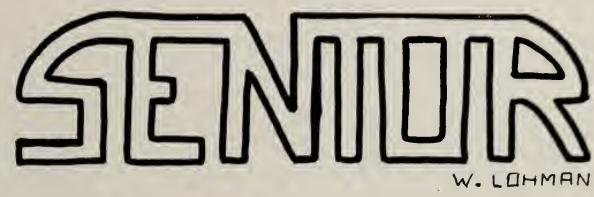


Senior Officers

JOHN RUSH, President
MARGARET LANDIS, Vice-President
JAMES DUNHAM, Secretary
CLAUDE BROOKS, Treasurer

Senior Class History

WE, the class of nineteen twenty-three, entered G. H. S. one bright day in early September, 1919, with that goal, which now is almost attained, far ahead of us. At that time it seemed almost unattainable, but as we now near it, we realize that the distance was all too short. Four years ago we were, as all Freshmen are, of a verdant hue, but with the kind assistance of the Sophomores, we were cured of this horrible malady.

With our desire for learning, and knowledge that the traditions of G. H. S. must be fulfilled, we determined to put ourselves and our Alma Mater on the map in letters which would escape no-one. Our members have been leaders in every variety of student life, and the whole class has been noted for its "pep" and ability. For instance, on the roll of those who fought the athletic battles for G. H. S. in this, our last year, at least one-half were from the class of '23. The work of our artists can be found in any annual of recent date. Our dramatic ability is well known, and to look at the

names of those in our various musical organizations, one can see the musical talent of this class.

As a diversion from our studies, we held a Hallowe'en Party at the North School Building, with Miss Patrick and Mr. Fry as chaperons. The party was quite a success, and we look forward to others in the near future.

Soon we leave G. H. S., and as we leave, the teachers will sigh, partly in relief, and partly in sadness, for no-one is perfect, and we are like others. We leave it to the classes which follow us to see that the traditions of the school are upheld, and her glory never dimmed. The door closes behind us, and we step into the world, proud to be alumni of G. H. S.

ROSCOE MENDENHALL '23.

"MADE IN G. H. S."

JOHN A. RUSH

Sunshine and bronze
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Football '20-'23.
Basket-ball '20-'23.
Track, '20-'23.
"G" Association '22-'23.
President of Class '22-'23.
President Athletic Association '22-'23.
Annual Staff '23.

ORA STEPHENS

Oratory and brilliance
G. H. S '20 '23.
Agriculture Play '22.
Historical Society '22-'23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Annual Staff '23.

LOWELL ALEXANDER

Solemn eyes and sonorous voice — North Star High School, '20-'21.
G. H. S. '22-'23.
Editor of School Paper '21
Letters in Basket Ball '20, 21.
Letters in Base Ball '20, '21.
Historical Society '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

VERNA BEANBLOSSOM

Morning glories and rippling waters — Palestine High School '20.
G. H. S. '21-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23

LEONA BORDMAN

Vanity cases and ear-rings
G. H. S. '20-'23
LeCercle Francais '23
Home Economics Club '22.

CLAUDE BROOKS.

Silence and thought— G. H. S. '20-'23.
President of "G" Association '22-'23.
Secretary of Class '23.
Sociedad Castellana.
Foot-ball '20-'21-'22.
Base-ball '21.
Basket-ball '22-'23.

ALVIN BROWN

Youthful looks and stately mien — North Star High School '20.
G. H. S. '21-'23.
President of Literary Society, '20-'21.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

ODELLA J. BROWN

Dromedaries and dances — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '21.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'22-'23.
Chorus '20-'21-'22.

WILFRED E. BRUSH

Owls and Wisdom — Houston High School '20-'21-'22.
G. H. S. '23.
Base-ball '20-'21.

GEORGE J. BUCHY

Russian bears and merriment — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'22-'23.
Group basket-ball '20-'21-'22
Foot-ball '21-22.
"G" Association '22-'23.
Student Council '20.

ANNABELL BYRD

Hyacinths and tea-tables—
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Home Economics Club '21-'22.
Glee Club '22-'23.

A. R. CALDERWOOD

Gold and brass.
Football '20-'21 '22
Group Basket-ball '20-'21.

ALFRED L. CLARK

Ukaleles and moonlight—
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Foot-ball '21-'22.
Group basket-ball '20-'23.
"G" Association '23.
Track Team.

HARLEY CLOPP

Fishing line and pasture land — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Play "Between Two Lives" '22.
Rhetoricals '23.

JEFF COLE

Jumping-jacks and Pythean games — Palestine High School '20-'21 — G. H. S. '22-'23.
Athletic Club '20-'21.
Literary Society '20-'21.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Varsity squad.
Basket-ball '22-'23.

JOHN COLEMAN

Ayes and "A's"
G. H. S. '22-'23.
Cheer Leader '21-'22-'23.
Orchestra '21-'22-'23.
Boy's Glee Club '21-'22-'23
Band '21-'22.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Staff '23.

HERBERT W. CONING

Manliness and courage—
G. H. S. '20-23.

LUTHER COX

Great men and good—
G. H. S. '20-'23.

DOROTHY CRISLER

Mistletoe and Kenneth — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Girls Glee Club '22-'23.
Home Economics Club '22.
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23.
Historical Society '23.
Rhetoricals '22.

STERLING R. DANGLER

Ideas and action — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '20.
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23.

CLARETON B. DAUGHERTY

Aladdin and his lamps — Gettysburg High School '20-'21.
G. H. S. '22-'23.
Courthinian Literary Society '20.

MARY C. DAVIS

French dolls and rose buds —Tolu High School '20-'21 G. H. S. '22-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23.
Historical Society '22-'23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Girls Glee Club '21-'22-'23.

DAVID J. DEARDOURFF

Candy hearts and Cupid — St. Marys High School '20-'22 — G. H. S. '23.
Historical Society '23.

EARL DELAPLANE.

Innocence and bliss — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23.
Historical Society '23.

SYBIL DEWEESE

Saphires and peach blossoms — Columbus Grove High School '20-'22 — G. H. S. '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Art Club '23.

MARY FLO DICKEY

Robins and tea-roses — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Historical Society '23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.

E. Ralph Dickey

Somber pine and silent majesty--G. H. S, '20-'23.
Staff '23.

Gladys Drill

Rose Geraniums and Garnets—G. H. S. '20-'23
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23
Agricultural play '22.
Historical Society '23.

James Dunham

Buicks and Martha -- G. H. S. '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '21.
Sociedad Castellana '22.
Class Treasurer '22.
Class Secretary '23.
Foot-ball '22.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

Velma E. Eshelman

Brown-eyed susans and innocence — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Home Economics Club '21-'22.

Clinnard Feierstein

Winning smiles and shaking hands — G. H.S. '19-'23.
Rhetoricals '21.
Orchestra '22.
Band '21-'22.
Group Basket-ball '19-'22.

Thomas Robert Fox

Spats and canes — Coldwater High School '20-'21 —G. H. S. '22-'23.
President of Class '21.
Vice President of class '20.
Foot-ball '20-'21.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Boys' Glee Club '22-'23.

J. Kenneth Ganger

Phantom specters and shadows lean — G.H. S. '20-'23
Orchestra '20-'23.

Lowell C. George

Cold looks and bright smiles—North Star High School '20-'21. G. H. S. '22-'23.
Captain of basket-ball team '20-'21.
Literary Society '20-'21.
Exercises '21.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Group basket-ball '22-'23.

JOHN GRILLIOT

Genial and sincere—North Star High School '20-'21 — G. H. S. '22-'23.
Class President '20-'21.
Basket-ball '20-'23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Historical Society '23.
Staff '23.

LAURENE HAMILTON

Incense and the "Sheik"—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Orchestra '21-'23.
Girls' Glee Club '22-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Home Economics Club '23.
Basket-ball, '20-'23.
Staff '23.

BYRON J. HARTLE

T'other is which — G. H. S. '20-'23.
Base-ball '20-'21 '22.
Foot-ball '20-'23.
Group basket-ball '20-'23.
"G" Association '21-'22.
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23.

MYRON D. HARTLE

Which is t'other—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Foot-ball '21-'23.
Captain group basket-ball.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'22.
Art Club '22-23.
Base-ball '20-'21.

HESTER HAWES

Emeralds and Lilacs — G. H. S. '20'-23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
Art Club '22-'23.
Arbor Day Program '21,
Sodalitas Latina '23.

ESTHER M. HOKE

Blue-bells and Northern Lights — G. H. S. '20 '23.
Historical Society '22-23.
Girls' Glee Club '22-23,
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Home Economics Club '23.

RUFUS HOVATTER

Abundance and wit—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

PAUL P. HUFNAGLE

Ballet slippers and stilts—G. H. S. '20-'23
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
Group basket-ball '20-'21.

FERN HUFFORD

Black-birds and Orchids--
G. H. S. '20-23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
Group basket-ball '20-'21.

RUBY M. HUGHES

Spring flowers and forest rills — G. H. S. '20-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Vice-president Historical Club '22.
Sec'y-Treas. Historical Club '23.
Sodalitas Latina ,'23.

SUSAN HUPE.

Poppies and sun-set —
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Home Economics Club '22-'23,
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23
Sodalitas Latina '23.

MILDRED HUPMAN

Snap-dragons and curls
G. H. S. '20-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Music Memory Contest team '23.

RICHARD C. JOHN

Sunshine and showers—
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Students Council '20.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
Historical Society '23.
Foot-ball '20-'22.
Group basket-ball '20-'23.

SEWARD KECK

Musical fingers and laughing eyes G. H. S. '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '21.
Sociedad Castellana '23.

MARGARET F. KEEFAUVER

Primroses and snow-birds
G. H S. '20-'23.
Girls' Glee Club '20-23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.

HARRY A. KERN

Hatchets and cherry trees
G. H. S. '19-'23
Agricultural play '21.
Rhetoricals '22.
Glee Club '22-'23.
Group basket-ball '19.

F. Howard Lammers

Nights and chivalry—
G. H. S. '19-'23.
Rhetoricals '20.
Junior-Senior play '21.
Foot-ball '21-'22.
Group basket-ball '20-'23.

Margaret Landis

Porch swings and geraniums—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Historical Society '22-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Vice-President of Class '23.
Staff '23.

Harold Lephart

Shyness and wistful waiting—G. H. S. '20-'23
Sociedad Castellana '22-'23.

Wilhelmine Lohman

Fairy bowers and dancing sunbeams—G.H. S. '20-'23
Vice-president Sociedad Castellana '23.
Treasurer LeCercle Francais '23.
Art Club '22-'23
Rhetoricals '21-'23.
Historical Society '23.
Staff '23.

Thelma M. Longfellow

Pansies and candle-light—
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '22 '23.
Art Club '22-'23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Historical Society '23.
Staff '23.

Kathryn Ludy

Blue-birds and Spring—
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Girls' Glee Club '21-22'-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'22.
Group basket-ball '20-'22-'23.

James P. Lynch

Lords and Ladies—
G. H. S. '19-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
Group basket-ball '19-'20-'23.

Blanchemae Lyons

Lavender and old-lace—
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
Glee Club '22-'23.
Rhetoricals '23.

HOWARD LYTLE

Cheerful and industrious—
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '21-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
"G" Association '22.
Group basket-ball '20-'23.
Base-ball '21-'22.

LESTER B. MARKER

Jokes and derbies—
G. H. S. '20-'23.

EUGENE LOWELL MARTIN

Bow ties and toreador trousers—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '20-'22.
Group basket-ball '20-'23.
Boys' Glee Club '22-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Orchestra '23.

MARY MCCABE

Holly-hocks and Cutex-Ads —G. H. S. ,20-'23.
Orchestra '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '20-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Historical Society '22-'23.
Girls' Glee Club '21-'22-'23.
Staff '23.

JOHN A. MCEOWEN

Brawn and brains—
G. H. S. 20-'23
Foot-ball '20-'23.
Group basket-ball '20-'23
"G" Association 22-'23.
Rhetoricals '22 '23.
Historical Society, 23.
Annual Staff '23.

PAUL H. MCGREEVEY

Cigarettes and lounges—
G. H S. '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '22-'23.
Student Mgr. Athletics '23.

ROSCOE MENDENHALL

Acorns and oaks—
G H. S. 20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '21.
Arbor Day Program '21.
Historical Society '23.

JOANNA MENKE

Sweet-peas and Summer skies -G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Historical Society '23.

KATHARINE RIBBLE MENKE

Artist's smocks and Palette
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Art Club '22-'23.
Historical Society '22-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Rhetoricals '23.
Annual Staff '23.

CLARENCE MERGLER

Caesar's curls and brains
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Group basket-ball '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '22.
Agriculture Play '22.
Foot-ball '23.
"G" Association 23.
Sociedad Castellana '23.

ESTHER MEYER

Golden-rod and fern —
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Junior Senior Play '22.
Girls' Glee Club '22-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Annual Staff '23.

FLORENCE MILLS

Golden sunlight and blossoms bright
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '21.
Cooking Club '23.

CARRIE DELIGHT ODA.

Pussy-willows and twilight
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Chorus '21.
Sociedad Castellana '22.

FAIRY GRACE ODA

Water-lilies and romance
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '22.
Chorus '20-23.

MARY ESTHER ONKST

Cameos and pearls
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Chorus '20.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

MILDRED PEDEN

June flowers and chattering brooks
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Chorus, 20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '22.

THELMA PEFFLY

Silhouettes and for-get-me-nots G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '22.
Historical Society '22.
Annual Staff '23.

WILLIAM PEIRCE

Poesy and diplomacy G. H. S. '20.
Covington.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

CLINTON A. PETRY

Waves and radios G. H. S. '20 '23.
Group basket ball '20, '23.
Track '21-'22.
Group base-ball '22.
Football '22-'23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

BESSYE M. PUTERBAUGH

Daisies and sparkling brooks G. H. S. '20-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '23.

MAURICE RHOADES

Canvas and brush G. H. S. '20-'23.
Secretary of Class '22.
Art Club '23.
Sociedad Castellana '22.
Annual Staff, '23.

RUTH E. RIEGEL

Chrysanthemums and "Red" G. H. S. '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '23.
Historical Society '23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Annual Staff '23.

VESTA RIFFLE

Dimples and laughter G. H. S. '20-'23.
Chorus '20-'21.
Girls' Glee Club '22-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Annual Staff '23.

HELEN RUH

Marigolds and Sunbeams G. H. S. '20-'23.
Basket-ball '21-'23.
Art Club '22.
Cooking Club '22-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

LESSIE RUNNER

Violets and Sunshine—Palestine '20
G. H. S. '21-'23.
Literary productions '20.
Girls' basket-ball '20.
Sociedad Castellana '22.
Historical Society '23.

GERALD SCHAFER

Cloudless sky and fallow field—G. H. S. '20-'23.

MINA SEAMON

Virginia reels and hoop skirts—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Chorus '21.
Girls' Glee Club '22-'23.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

WINONA SHARKEY

Violins and "Spitty"—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Orchestra '20-'23.
Rhetoricals '22.
Historical Society '22-'23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Annual Staff '23.

WM. SNYDER

"Collar ads" and Olympic perfection——G. H. S. '20-'23.
President of class '20-'21.
Group basket-ball '20.
Students Council '20.

WINIFRED SNYDER

"A Birch Canoe and You" (Lester)—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Chorus '21.
Girls' Glee Club '21-23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

WALTER C. STEFFEN

Tomorrow and Tomorrow G. H. S. '20-'23.
Agriculture Play '22.
Group basket-ball '22-'23.
Group base-ball '22-'23.
Boys' Glee Club '23
Sodalitas Latina '23.

KATHRYN STEINMETZ

Red roses and magpies G. H. S. '20-'23.
Orchestra '20-23.
Girls' Glee Club '21-'23.
Rhetoricals '22.
Historical Society '22-'23
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

ROY STENTZEL

Chinese puzzles and ready laughter--G. H. S. '20-'23
Group basket-ball '20-'23.
Boys' Glee Club '22- 22.
Sociedad Castellana '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

GLADYS C. STONEROCK

Glistening dewdrops and pansy beds
G. H .S. '20-'23.
Chorus '20-'21.
Sociedad Castellana '21.

ALICE ELIZABETH STRAIT

Bob-sleds and Skiis
G. H S. '20-'23.
Students' Council '20.
Girls' Glee Club '20-'23
Girls' basket ball '20-23.
Rhetoricals '21.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

CHARLES E. THOMAS

Health and happiness--Union City High School '20 G. H. S. '21-23.
President of Class '20.

SAMUEL C. TRICK

Apollo and Patent-hair
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Band '21.
Orchestra '21.
Secretary of Class '22.
Boys' Glee Club '22.
Sociedad Castellana '23.

HERBERT C. TURNER

Fame and fortune
G. H. S. '20-23.
Group basket-ball '20.
Secretary of Class '20.
Sociedad Castellana '21.
Boys' Glee Club '22.
Art Club '23.

LOVENA TURNER.

Goloshes and St. Vitus
G. H. S. '20-'23.
Girls' Glee Club '20.
Rhetoricals '20.

IRENE VANATA

Japanese Lanterns and cherry-blossoms
G. H. S. '20-23.
LeCercle Francais. '23

RUTH WARNER

Megaphones and green sweaters G. H. S. '20-'23
Girls' Glee Club '20-'23.
Historical Society '22-'23.
Rhetoricals '21, '23.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.
Annual Staff '23.

TREVA WEIMER

Simplicity and sweetness G. H. S. '20-'23.
Chorus '20'-23.
Girls' Glee Club '20-'21.
Historical Society '22-'23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

MARTHA WEISENBARGER

Hammocks and fiction G. H. S. '20 '23.
Girls' basket-ball '20.
Girls' Glee Club '20-21.
Orchestra '20-23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

J. LARIMER WILSON

Kilts and bag-pipes—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Group basket-ball '20-'21.
Art Club '21-'23
Foot-ball '22.
"G" Association '22.
Annual Staff '23.

CORENE WILT

Her ladyship and knickers G. H. S. 20-'23.
Girls' basket-ball '20-'22.
Rhetoricals '20.
Chorus '20-'23.
Girls' Glee Club '21-'23.
Cooking Club '23.
Historical Society '23.

MARTIN W. WOGAMAN

Cartoons and Chalk talks G. H. S. '20-'23.
Group basket-ball '20.
Track '21.
Art Club '22.

RUTH YOUMANS

Turquoise and meadow-lark—Starkey Seminary '20-'21 G. H. S. '22-'23.
Emersonian Literary Society '20-'21.
Girls' Glee Club '20-'21.
LeCercle Francais '23.
Art Club '22-'23.
Sodalitas Latina '23.

NORMA G. YOUNT

"Three flowers" and "radio boots"—G. H. S. '20-'23.
Girls' basket-ball '20.
Girls' Glee Club '23.

In Memoriam

Flossie Bass was one of our classmates that took a great interest in our class and was liked by all who knew her.

To the Class of '23

T'is always the things we love dearest,
The things that we like best of all;
That we think of as most unimportant,
Until they have gone past recall.

If we look back we see it all clearly;
Tho they once seemed more bother than worth,
Our high school days loom up before us,
As the happiest spent on this earth.

Not all of our time went to study,
Our books were but means to our ends,
For during those four years together,
We have made many true, lifelong, friends.

How much is each class like the rose bush!
Each has its own season to bloom;
Each casts forth the best it possesses;
Passing on for the next to make room.

And of all the four years spent in high-school,
The last is the saddest to me.
Why is it so hard just to say this?—
"Farewell, Class of 1923."

Wilhelmine Lohman '23.

Class Prophecy

SOON after my graduation from G. H. S., I took a normal course, after which I obtained a government position and went to the Philippine Islands to teach. Now, after ten years abroad, I was returning to Greenville. With what pleasure did I look forward to the meeting with all of my old classmates, and with no little interest did I await the news of the successes, the failures, the fortunes or misfortunes of each.

Margaret Trick—or perhaps you remember her as Margaret Landis, met me at the station. She explained that Ruth Warner had promised to come too, but Ruth had found herself too engrossed in a political campaign of some sort to spare the time.

I had planned to stay at the James Hotel, but Margaret informed me that the hotel had taken fire on one of the days of the preceding week and had burned to the ground before the fire department could get to it, and insisted that I stay with her. She and Sam had, she explained, a perfectly darling bungalo out in Greenville's newest and finest residential district.

We called the only taxi which made its appearance, and found the driver to be no other than my old classmate, Harold Lephart. He tipped his hat politely, but I am still quite certain that he did not know me.

As we passed what used to be Knupp's Garage, I noticed the name "James Dunham" over the doorway. It seemed that the Dunham Garage on Martin Street had not furnished enough room for all of Martha's cars, and as a consequence, young James had been forced to open a garage of his own.

When we reached the City Bakery, Margaret remembered that she had forgotten to get some rolls for Sam's coffee, so we discharged the taxi and entered the bakery. There, as of yore, stood my old friend, Kathryn Ludy, deeply engrossed in a conversation with a gentleman who looked very much like Myron Hartle. The gentleman proved to be Byron Hartle, however, not Myron—how could I have made the mistake? The voices, especially Kathryn's, were so distinct that I could not help overhearing the conversation. It was about George Buchy. It seemed that George was in the City Hospital suffering with lung trouble. For a while his case had been critical, but after he was under the care of a more competent nurse, his recovery was assured. I asked Margaret who the competent nurse might be, and found her to be Treva Weimer. Treva had had many higher places offered her in large hospitals all over the state, but out of pure kindness had consented to be head nurse in the Greenville City Hospital.

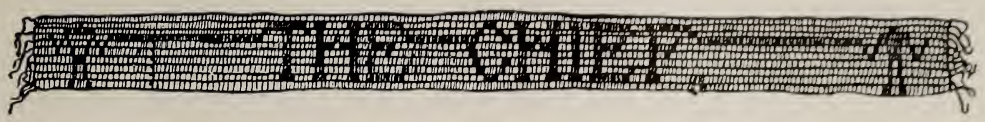
Upon seeing us, Kathryn immediately directed her conversation in our direction, dismissing Byron with a mere, "Thank you, and call again." It was not long until Kathryn told me that she and the eminent baker, William Peirce, soon after their graduation from high school, had set sail on the sea of matrimony, and had been rolling doughnuts ever since. Her conversation ran something like this:—"What do you think, according to the evening's paper, Gladys Stonerock and Kenneth Ganger have gone to Kentucky and been married?" I didn't put it beyond Gladys, but I thought that Kenneth had more sense. And have you heard—but of course you haven't—about the awful time John Coleman is having trying to get a divorce from Leona Bordman. John complains of extreme cruelty on the part of his wife, but Leona claims that "treating them rough" is one of the best ways of holding a man's affection." By this time Margaret had made her purchases. But before we left, Kathryn told me to be sure to notice the Motion Picture Studio of Fifth Street. It was owned by Howard Lammers, who was already famous in the film world for his marvelous production, "The Thirteenth Morning," modeled after Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Odella Brown and Herbert Turner were starring in the leading roles.

Once again on the main thorough-fare, I began to make observations. I noticed over the door of a neighboring dry-cleaning establishment the names Clopp and Coning. Upon inquiry, I learned that Harley Clopp and Herbert Coning, two of my old classmates, had started the business in partnership and were showing all signs of prosperity.

About half way down the block, we met a prosperous looking young man, whom I recognized as Eugene L. Martin. He stopped for a few minutes chat with Margaret, and seemed much pleased to see me. I inquired about the health of the family, meaning his parents, and he proudly replied that Sybil was just fine, and told me to be sure to come to see them while I was in town. When he had passed, I just couldn't help saying to myself, "Well, well, who could have guessed that his little affair with Sybil DeWeese, back in high-school days, was to come to this! It is the work of the gods." Having never married, I cannot attempt to fathom so profound a subject.

Two young ladies came out of a store, and I recognized them as my old high-school friends, Velma Eshelman and Fern Hufford. They seemed glad to see me and stopped to chat. Velma had charge of a lunch room in a community school, and was famous for her delightful luncheons, while Fern was a court reporter, drawing a large salary. Both were in a hurry and soon passed on.

Our attention was attracted by a loud crash at the next corner. Over the crowd that soon collected, we could just see the remains of a truck, which had collided with one of those monumental keep-



to-the-right signs. It seemed that Ralph Dickey, the truck driver, had fallen asleep on the job.

One of two old women at my side remarked, "Poor fellow, you can't blame him for being sleepy, keeping such late hours as he does."

The other said, "Yes, but why dosen't he marry the Beanblossom girl and be done with it?"

I couldn't help asking Margaret if they meant Verna Beanblossom and she said, "Yes, they have been going together for some time."

At this time Margaret remembered that Sam had told her to get him some shoe laces, so we crossed the street to the Mozart. Roy Stentzel, who took Margaret's order, looked very much the same as he always had, except that he wore a different colored sweater. He informed me that he was thinking of opening a shoe store of his own across the street. Corene would so much rather have him in business by himself. So he had married Corene Wilt, after all, eh? Well nothing surprising in that.

We decided to take a look around the dry goods department. Margaret told me what a hard time they were having trying to keep a girl at the pattern counter. First, Winifred Snyder, had been there, but within two weeks time she had eloped with Lester Marker. I wondered why she took the position at all. Her place was taken by Vesta Riffle, but it was no time at all until she had married Clinton Petry, a prosperous young business man and agent for the Hoover Electric Cleaner. Personally, I think that Vesta made a wise choice, for Clinton can at least make the house work easy for her. The girl who was there at the time of my visit was Alice Strait. I suppose that by this time she too has left.

My attention was attracted by the high-pitched and somewhat familiar voice of a woman at the oil-cloth counter half-way up the store. Sure enough, it was Hester Hawes. She immediately explained that Bob always got so dirty at his work, and had such a habit of splattering the wall around the wash bowl when he washed, that she just had to get some oil-cloth to tack around. When we had passed on, I asked Margaret which "Bob" Hester meant and Margaret explained that he was Robert Fox. Of course, I remembered that the two had been crazy about each other in high-school, but I had never heard of their marriage.

Further up the store, behind the silk counter I found Margaret Keefauver busy selling Helen Ruh some orange chiffon velvet and black radium lace for a Hallowee'n costume. Our meeting could not have been more cordial, for notwithstanding her millions, Helen was still the big hearted joy-giver she had been in high-

school days. In a social column somewhere, I had read of her marriage to the wealthy broker, Lowell Alexander. Helen invited us to the big masquerade ball which she was giving soon, but because of the shortness of my visit, I could not accept.

Once more out of doors a glance at the town clock reminded Margaret that it was six o'clock—Sam's dinner time and here she was up town. It was dusk, and though we walked rapidly, I could not help noticing the familiar looking figure advancing toward us. He was tall and slender, and under his arm was a large picture. I do not think that he knew me, but I recognized him as Seward Keck. I learned that he was head of the purchasing department of Wenger's Book Store, and that he had won more than mere recognition for some paintings of his own. No, he had never married.

At a news stand I purchased a "Greenville Dispatch." Margaret told me that the editor was Sterling Dangler. Scanning the columns for a familiar name, I noticed in big headlines that Judge Calderwood was to speak at the dedication of the new High School Building that evening. The name aroused my curiosity and I could not refrain from asking how A. R. Calderwood's affair with Ruth Reigle had turned out. It was one of those foolish questions, I thought, but this one proved an exception, for Ruth had married a wealthy banker of Cleveland, while A. R. had remained single. Odd, how many bachelors there were in our class.

I observed that Mr. and Mrs. Larimer Wilson were entertaining some friends at their home. Again curiosity overcame me; who was the mysterious Mrs? Margaret thought that I could almost guess at that, but I assured her that I could not imagine. Nor could I,—Dorothy Crisler. Margaret said that it was a well known fact that Larimer had often called on Dorothy during their high-school days, but had never taken her to dances and shows because he didn't believe in such things. Margaret explained that they seldom go any place.

The club notices announced that Miss Mary McCabe would entertain the Ladies' Club on Tuesday afternoon. Mary was a well-known club woman as well as a civic worker, and had given invaluable services to the city's charity institutions.

By the time we reached home, it was rather late, so Sam suggested that we go out to dinner. Afterwards we might go to the dedication of the new High-School Building, if we liked. I asked Margaret if this was the same building which had been planned while we were in high school. She explained that the Board of Education had been unable to come to a decision as to the color of blinds to be used at the windows, and that their failure to come to an agreement had delayed for several years the completion of the building.

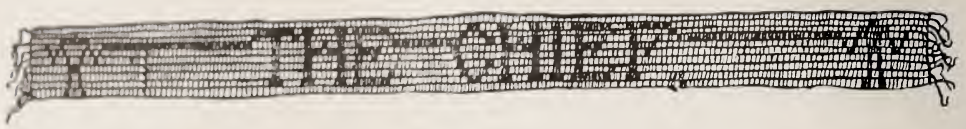
We went to the Oak Restaurant, the proprietor of which proved to be Alfred Clark. I hoped that owning a restaurant might have taken that hungry look out of his eyes, but I noticed that he still had that habit of looking at a person and gulping as if he were dying for a sandwich or a piece of,—but I guess it was just my imagination. The old place looked very gay and festive. When I spoke of this, Sam asked me if I did not remember Martin Wogaman. I assured him that I did. Sam explained that this was only one of the many examples of Martin's interior decorating. Martin had become an accomplished artist but his art was more appreciated in larger cities than in his own home town. But then that's the way it always goes. When we had seated ourselves, a brisk looking waiter with dark curly hair approached, and I recognized him as Charles Thomas. He did not flicker an eye lash, and I did not dare register recognition. I remembered that I had always thought he would make an ideal butler.

Harry Kern happened along about this time, and we were glad to have him join our party. We chatted about this and that, and finally I asked, "How is Blanchemae?" At this, I received a sharp kick from across the table and taking this for a signal, I changed the subject. Margaret later explained how Blanchemae had been engaged to one man after another without the least respect for Tod's feelings, while Tod sat camly by biding his time. It was said that Harry owned a jewelry store, and had accumulated a fortune.

During the course of the dinner, we were entertained by a famous comedian, who proved to be no other than my old classmate, Earl Delaplane. I had alway remembered him in connection with the seventh hour English class. I heard that he received a thousand dollars a night for portraying certain scenes of "Macbeth."

As soon as we had finished dinner, we went to the new High School Building, in order not to miss any part of the dedication exercises. We found the auditorium crowded, and probably never should have found seats had not two polite young gentlemen, Howard Lytle and William Snyder offered us theirs. Probably there were not another two gentlemen in the house willing to make such a sacrifice.

As the curtain rose, the murmur of the audience subsided into a silence which continued all thru the opening prayer, lead by the Reverend Ora Stephens. I had always thot that Ora would choose some profession in which he could voice his own private opinions, so this was not a disappointment. It was announced that, because of sudden illness, Judge Calderwood would not be able to speak, and that the Honorable Clareton Dougherty had consented to take his place on the program. Personally I was not disappointed, for



I had often heard A. R. talk, while Clareton always had been more or less of a mystery to me. He delivered a memorable speech on "Spirits—National, School, and Alcoholic." Next came a vocal solo by Winona Sharkey, accompanied at the piano by Laurene Hamilton. Even before they had finished, someone a few rows ahead of us began to applaud vigorously. Yes, it was Dick John. The applause may have been meant for Laurene, or perhaps it was for Winona, or again it may have been simply a means of relieving the tensity of his muscles, resulting from sitting quiet for fifteen consecutive minutes.

During the annoucement of the next speaker, I remarked about how warm it was getting. Margaret said that Gerald Schafer, who was the janitor, and who had married Esther Meyer, was used to having things made warm for him; hence he had probably not noticed the heat.

From time to time I glanced over the audience in search of familiar faces. In the second row back of us, I noticed Thelma Peffly. With her was a short, light haired man, evidently her husband. In the same row sat a stunning young woman, whom at a second glance, I knew to be Esther Onkst. Esther had become a professional model and was drawing a large salary. On the other side of the house, were the Menke girls. Katharine was biology teacher in the high-school, Joanna had opened a beauty parlor, and both were making a success of their work. A fine looking, dark-haired gentleman attracted my attention. When he turned his head, I recognized him as John McEowen. I had read of his success as a flyer and of his airplane mail route to the Pacific.

In the midst of the speech, a very beautifully dressed young woman, with a Parisian strut, attracted much attention by leaving the hall. Everyone around me was whispering and it was with no great ear-strain that I heard that she was Norma Yount, the Paris buyer for the Fashion Shoppe. This fashionable shop was owned by Farrie and Carrie Oda, and it was reported that they had made a large fortune.

With a short talk by Ruby Hughes, president of the Board of Education, the program came to an end. Tho it was late, we decided to take a look at the new building. The halls were crowded with curious spectators. Some one at my left spoke to me, and when I turned I saw Kathryn Steinmetz. She told me that she was in the tailoring business. We met Susan Hupe who explained that she was the new domestic science and art teacher. I asked her whether I knew any of the other new teachers, and she said that John Grilliot, another of my old classmates, was teaching chemistry, but that he was working on some idea of his own and was soon to enter larger fields of the work.

Gladys Drill then came up, and in response to my inquiry, explained that she was a telegraph operator. I asked how she liked her work, and she said that it was all right, but there were things which she thot she'd like better. I learned later of her engagement to Walter Steffen.

A few feet ahead of us I noticed a very sour looking couple that proved to be Paul McGreevey and Mildred Hupman, Yes, they had been married some time. Margaret told me that Paul owned an undertaking establishment and had a rushing business.

Someone tapped my arm, and when I turned, I saw Thelma Longfellow. I was indeed pleased to meet so famous a person. You have undoubtedly read of her success in the literary world. Her latest novel, "His Mother-in-Law," has taken the country by storm.

We went to the electrical department, where a radio receiving set had been installed. The operator was Roscoe Mendenhall. People were crowded around to listen, and it was by mere chance that we heard anything. Rufus Hovatter was giving a radio lecture on the subject, "How to Reduce Without Dieting." The talk was very interesting. From another station we heard another interesting talk by David Deardourff on the subject "How to Throw a Line and Get By With It." David seemed to be an authority on the matter, and undoubtedly his pointers were welcomed by the millions who received them. Next we heard a male soloist. I missed the name but remarked that it sounded like John Rush. Margaret said that I must be mistaken, for John was busy on a presidential campaign. Tho he had lost in the previous election, John harbored no doubts as to his success in the next one.

Sam remarked that as soon as we were ready to leave, he was willing, so we left. As we descended the stairs, a very distinguished looking gentleman was coming up. Tho he did not bother to look up, I knew him to be Clarence Mergler. Sam said that Clarence had made a fortune by the discovery of a marvelous cure for stiff neck, but that since that time he had never been able to turn his head.

Just outside we met a happy looking couple, Claude Brooks and Lessie Runner. They spoke cordially and invited us out to their home south of Greenville. They acted like newly-weds, but Margaret said they had been married for some time. I had expected Claude to choose a brunette, but I guess he knew best.

The Byrd Tea Room looked so cozy as we passed, that we stopped for a bite to eat. It seemed that Annabel had opened it as a sort of adventure sometime before and had found it to be such a success that she had kept it up. As soon as we were seated, our orders were taken by Irene Vanata. In every way, Irene proved

herself an ideal waitress. At another table I noticed my old classmate, Mildred Peden. With her was a stately looking man whom I remembered as Lowell George. While we ate, Margaret told me of Lowell's becoming a noted surgeon and of his unusual interest in Mildred, who was one of the nurses at his hospital. Their marriage seemed only a question of time.

On the back of the menu card I noticed this little verse:

"Eat while you still have the money,
Try your whole stomach to fill,
Worry not what it will cost you,
E'er you leave, we shall hand you the bill."

It was signed, "Mary Flo Dickey." According to reports, Mary Flo had usurped Edgar Guest's place in the world of poetry, and it was said that her fame was not confined to this continent alone.

While Sam paid the cashier, Florence Mills, my attention was called to a poster announcing that Mina Seamon, famous primadonna, was to sing at the St. Clair Memorial Hall the next week. Margaret said that Mina had spent years in preparation and that she was thinking of attempting grand opera.

When we were about to leave, two vivacious young ladies came in. I could not place them, but when we were outside, Sam explained that they were Esther Hoke and Bessye Puterbaugh. He said that they owned the moving picture house around the corner.

As we passed a poster for the Opera House, I noticed that Anthracite and Pocahontas, the Cole twins, were to give a clever dancing act the following week. From the pictures, I knew Anthracite to be no other than my old classmate, Jefferis Cole, and Pocahontas was really Paul Hufnagel.

The grocery on the corner, Margaret said, was owned by Luther Cox. She explained that his wife, Lovena Turner, attracted the customers, and then Luther sold them the goods. How's that for efficiency?

On up the block was the Hat Shoppe, owned by Mary Davis. It was reported that Mary captivated her customers by trying the hats on herself, and that she never lost a sale.

A beautifully lighted florist's window across the street attracted my attention. The electric sign "B. & B." flickered over the doorway. I learned that Wilfred Brush and Alvin Brown had combined their interests, in this establishment and were doing a flourishing business. I noticed in the window of an artist's studio a beautiful painting of Ruth Youmans. The painter proved to be no other than my old classmate Maurice Rhoades. Sam said that Maurice was recognized as a great artist, and that he had some paintings in the Boston Art Gallery. And Ruth, what was she doing?

Oh, Ruth and Maurice had married just a few weeks ago and had not yet returned from their honeymoon trip, which was to include London, Paris, and Venice.

As we approached the City Hall, I noticed some one asleep on the bench in front. He wore a policeman's uniform and cap, the latter having been pulled over his eyes to keep out the disturbing brightness of the street light. His club hung loosely by the cord from his wrist. Sam noiselessly approached, lifted the cap, and again lowered it. Yes, it was James Lynch.

The town clock struck twelve, midnight and all was well. An odd silence seemed to enshroud the entire city, a silence that was too deep to break and that bespoke peace, happiness and success.

Wilhelmine Lohman '23.

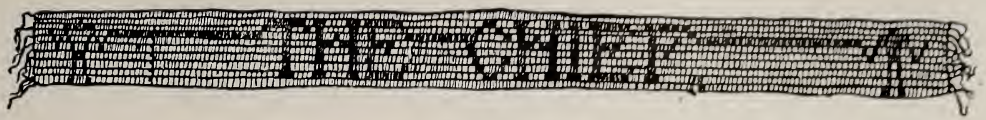
Advice to Juniors

E the Senior Class of 1923, are about to take our departure from this school. Next year you will assume the duties and responsibilities which we have had. You will be known as the Senior Class of 1924. We wish to inform you right now that if you expect to measure up to the standards we have set, we pity you. You will have to spend more hours in study than you have in the past if you are to obtain standings as high as ours and are to win honors we have won. It will be almost impossible for you to maintain the records made by us in all our athletic activities, especially Basket-Ball, Foot-Ball, and Track. Neither can you expect to produce as good dramatic stunts as we have, nor develop musical talent equal to the Class of 1923; such feats would be utterly impossible. Our Class has certainly been a phenomenon; it is likely that no class will ever be able to surpass or even equal it in the long years to come. It is entirely unbelievable that two such classes could succeed each other, much less a class with no better qualifications than your own.

Therefore, we would advise you to remain at home of evenings and keep no late hours; abstain from all rich foods that you may not impair your health and thus weaken the activities of your brains; do not indulge in too many social functions, but concentrate your minds upon your school work. We hope that you may improve the talents you may have so that our grand old High School may not sink into oblivion next year.

LOWELL ALEXANDER '23

Modeled in Clay by Richard Murphy



Junior Officers

JOHN WINTERS, President
HOWARD MINNICH, Vice-President
ILIAH CLARK, Secretary
EARL STOCKER, Treasurer

Junior Class History

THE class to graduate in '24 entered the portals of G. H. S. for the third time with a grim determination to do bigger and better things than had ever been accomplished by any Junior class. Realizing the necessity of electing well qualified officers to manage such affairs as Junior-Senior reception, we chose four members from our class who could bear the burden of the responsibility: John Winters, President; Howard Minnich, Vice President; Iliah Clark, Secretary; and Earl Stocker, Treasurer. After much discussion there was arranged a Halloween party at the South School building which was attended by a large majority of the Juniors who not only enjoyed the "eats" but had a very good time as well.

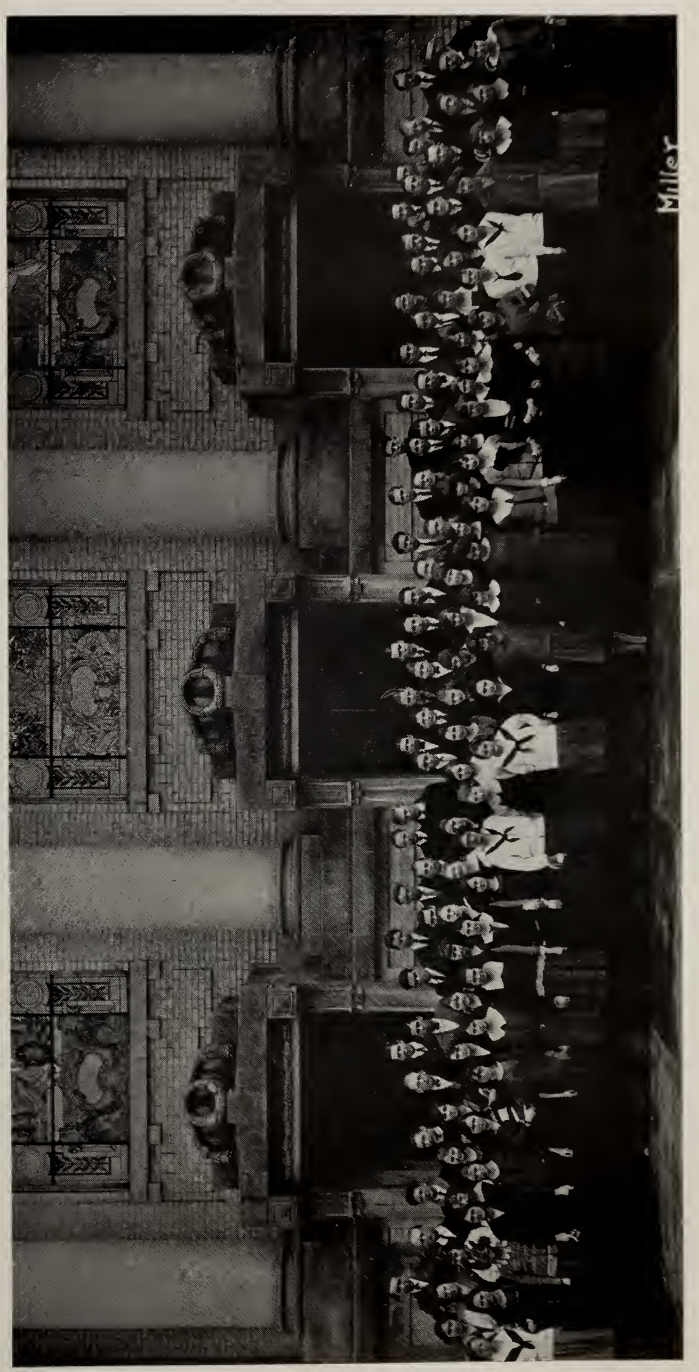
In all the organizations at school, can be found a good representation of the Junior class. The splendid foot-ball record was due in no small way to some of these very students who battled on the gridiron such as: John Winters, Howard Minnich, Myron Reck, Robert Culbertson, and a great number of indispensable second-team

players and substitutes. Having done our "bit" during the "pig-skin season" we were honor bound to keep up the good record when the basket-ball season was ushered in, so we sent in new recruits along with some foot-ball veterans: Roscoe Beanblossom, Howard Minnich, Robert Beanblossom, Gus Wenger, and members of the second team who promise to come to the front next year.

As we have started out so well, and have continued the good work thus far, we hope to close the record of our third year at Old Greenville Hi with deeds well done and things accomplished that will not soon be forgotten.

BETTY KEMBLE, '24.

Modeled in Clay by M. Rhoades



Junior Class

Junior Class Roll

Harold Barnett
Robert Beanblossom
Roscoe Beanblossom
Clarence Beutler
Roy Bidwell
Richard Billingsley
Donavan Bollinger
Galen Booker
Edwin Brown
W. D. Brumbaugh, Jr.
Harvey Cole
Norman Cole
Donald Craig
Herbert Crawford
Dawn Delk
Donald Dininger
Edward Folkerth
Eugene George
Richard Graef
Karl Grossman
Karl Halladay
Robert Hoffman
Milton Jefferis
Lawrence Jenkins
Rollin Jones
Ray Kern
Chester Lephart
Eugene F. Martin
Roy McFarland
Glendon Miller
Howard Minnich
Benjamin Nealeigh
Glen Neville
Frances O'Brien
William Patty
Lloyd Plessinger
Donald Poling
Carey Ramsey
Myron Reck
Tom Rogers
William Rush
J. C. Shafer
Lewis Schlimmer
Adam Sechrist

Wilbur Sellman
Leroy Shields
Carl Stocker
Earl Stocker
Elmer Strobel
Bob Strohaver
Hershel Teegarden
Jonas Thomas
Elmer Wade
Raymond Waggoner
Gus Wenger
Edward Weybright
Ralph Wiebusch
Damon Wilson
Monroe Winn
Lynn Winters
John Winters
Kenneth Wood
Lester York
Herbert Zechar
Carol Nixon
Robert Culbertson
Thelma Albright
Alva Archey
Garnet Beanblossom
Emma Jane Berkheimer
Onda Biddle
Margaret Brown
Pauline Brown
Iliah Clark
Daisy Clopp
May Cochran
Opal Condon
Mayno Coning
Juanita Dill
Edna Drill
Edna Marie Dunning
Velda Earhart
Ruth Flood
Evaline Foltz
Velma Galbreath
Ruth Halladay
Edna Hartle
Evelyn Hufnagle

Grace Katzenberger
Betty Kemble
Faye Kern
Mary Kerst
Etie Kuns
Wilhelmina Kurz
Echo Lephart
Pearl Lephart
Madge Light
Mary Livingston
Marvel Longenecker
Mary Lott
Audrey Lytle
Evelyn Marshall
Helen McFarland
Esther Miller
Ruth Neff
Mildred Norris
Minerva Oliver
Thelma Oswalt
Blanche Pence
Irene Rank
Clara Renz
Frieda Rismiller
Marjorie Ruh
Elsie Ryan
Iva Saylor
Genrose Schreel
Georgiana Shiveley
Louise Snyder
Bessie Sothoron
Eleanor Sparklin
Pauline Stocker
Thelma Teaford
Anna Marie Ward
Margaret Wayman
Zelda Weaver
Dolores Weiss
Marvel Westfall
Ruth Young
Dorothy Younker
Edna DuBois
Freda Adams

Sophomore Officers

SHELDON VANNOY, President — MARGUERITE JEFFERIS, Secretary
CONSTANCE KERLIN, Vice-President — HOWARD TILLMAN, Treasurer

Sophomore Class History

WE started our Freshman year as most "greenhorns" do, for we were not exceptions, but after a year of misery we recovered our equilibrium and began our brilliant career as Sophomores.

The Sophomores have made a place for themselves in all the organizations and societies of old G. H. S. We had a right to be egotistical as we were extremely well represented in athletics, and came out a close second at the Track Meet of 1922.

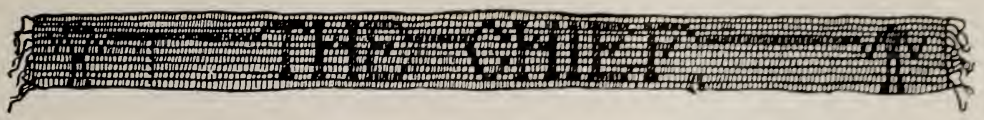
At a meeting this fall the following class officers were elected: Sheldon Vannoy, President; Constance Kerlin, Vice President; Marguerite Jefferis, Secretary; and Howard Tillman, Treasurer.

We have had but one social function this year, a Halloween Party, given at the Memorial Hall. It was a great success for it eclipsed all former events and gave an assured promise of the success of our future enterprises, although the picnic of last year seemed to belie this.

We returned to G. H. S. this fall with the firm resolution to make our class one of the most successful on record and our colors the most respected.

MOUREE POWELL '25

Sophomore Class



Sophomore Class Roll

Harold Bankson
Grant Bannister
Edward Beichler
Robert Bishop
Mered Blocher
Tom Brawley
Gerhardt Buchy
Earl Burnett
Frank Crouse
Eugene Davis
John Delaplane
Herbert DeWeese
William Eib
George Eidson
Herman Feierstein
Paul Folkerth
Louis Green
Reuben Grote
Robert Helman
Carl Higgins
Glen Huffman
Lowell Hyer
Ralph Jenkinson
Herman Karn
Eugene Knoll
Karl King
Carl Landers
Norman Longenecker
Oren Longfellow
Robert Mannix
Elmer Mason
George Matchett
Donald Mathews
Roy McEowen
Charles McVay
Alfred Miller
Lester Miller
Ralph Miller
Lawrence Mills
Dwight Miltenberger
Richard Murphy
Ray Nauss
Robert Nauss
Otho Netzley
Theodore Nevel
Richard Norris
Ashley O'Brien
Robert Passon
Myron Pearce
Robert Pease
Chalmer Peck
Leonard Pierron
Kenneth Puterbaugh
Leo Rehmert
Opha Runner
Guy Searl
Leano Sedgewick
Joseph Straker
Reno Teaford
Howard Tillman
Sheldon Vannoy
Tom Warner
Charles Williams
Harrison Wilson
Dan Witters
Lester Young
Sheridan Yount
Cleo Zechar
Fred Mains
Stanley Dumford
Thelma Baird
Edna Bass
Ethel Batten
Hazel Batten
Olive Baughman
Arvilla Bayman
Bessie Bonta
Maude Braley
Helen Brewer
Catharine Calderwood
May Clark
Anna Cordell
Mary Cottrell
Freda Cox
Doris Davis
Alice Deubner
Mary Drew
Rosa Drew
Aline Dunham
Dorothy Enos
Jeannette Fortney
Vandale Fourman
Lucile Fox
Julia Ganger
Jeanette Harp
Glenna Hathaway
Ethel Henry
Grace Hoke
Marie Huber
Marguerite Jefferis
Elsie Johnson
Constance Kerlin
Evelyn Kester
Dorothy Lacey
Mary Lacey
Mary Lephart
Ruth Lonas
Thelma Ludy
Mary Lightner
Ruth Mangan
Lenore McCool
Mabel Metcalfe
Frances Miller
Irene Miller
Alice Moist
Anna Mosby
Helen Murphy
Mona Myers
Ada Nevel
Mouree Powell
Cora Rhoades
Mary Rhoades
Isabella Ross
Juanita Shields
Augusta Shultz
Elizabeth Snyder
Margaret Snyder
Evora Sothoron
Mary Strohaver
Naomi Swartz
Ethel Thomas
Mabel Voke
Violet Waggoner
Eunice Wehrley
Wilda Weybright
Winona Williams
Kathryn Wilson
Hester Winters
Lucile Winters
Mildred Wolfe
Nellie Wright
Alice York
Genevieve Young
Elsie Ruh
Kathryn Folkerth
Doris Mason
Velma Stoltz
Vera Riegel
Ethel Young

"The Staff"

The Seniors now are flyin' round,
You can't guess what they're doin'
They're sellin' annuals right an' left
To wind things up aboomin'.

The Editor-in-chief is jus' so busy
He don't know what to do.
There are so many, many things
That he jus' has to tend to.

The business managers go 'round
As solemn as can be,
'Cause what if they should end in debt?
How awful, can't you see?

But the editors, my goodness.
They don't know jus' where they're at.
Why, I saw one the other day
Goin' round without his hat.

The typists make their fingers fly.
A copying things you know;
'Cause if they didn't, what would they do.
With things all blotched up so.

Well, I guess I've named them all
From the top, clear to the bottom.
An' I've also tried to tell you
Jus' a little bit about 'em.

VELDA EARHART, '24

Freshman Officers

EUGENE AMANN, President
JEAN COPPOCK, Vice-President
JOHN BAILEY, Secretary
ROBERT STARR, Treasurer

Freshman Class History

IN 1922 we entered Greenville High School with enough ambition, determination and pep to carry us through the forthcoming years of our High School career.

Being well represented in all music, athletic and art organizations, we show our hope of success.

The officers elected at the first meeting were: Eugene Amann, President; Jean Coppock, Vice-President; John Bailey, Secretary; and Robert Starr, Treasurer.

So far this year we have had a Halloween party which was given at the North Building. With the aid of many amusing costumes, suitable decorations, a nice lunch and our excellent chaperons, Miss Patrick and Mr. Gray, the evening was very much enjoyed by everyone.

We have made a good beginning and we hope to make this year a success, so that our Freshman colors "Old Rose and Gray" will stand out before all others.

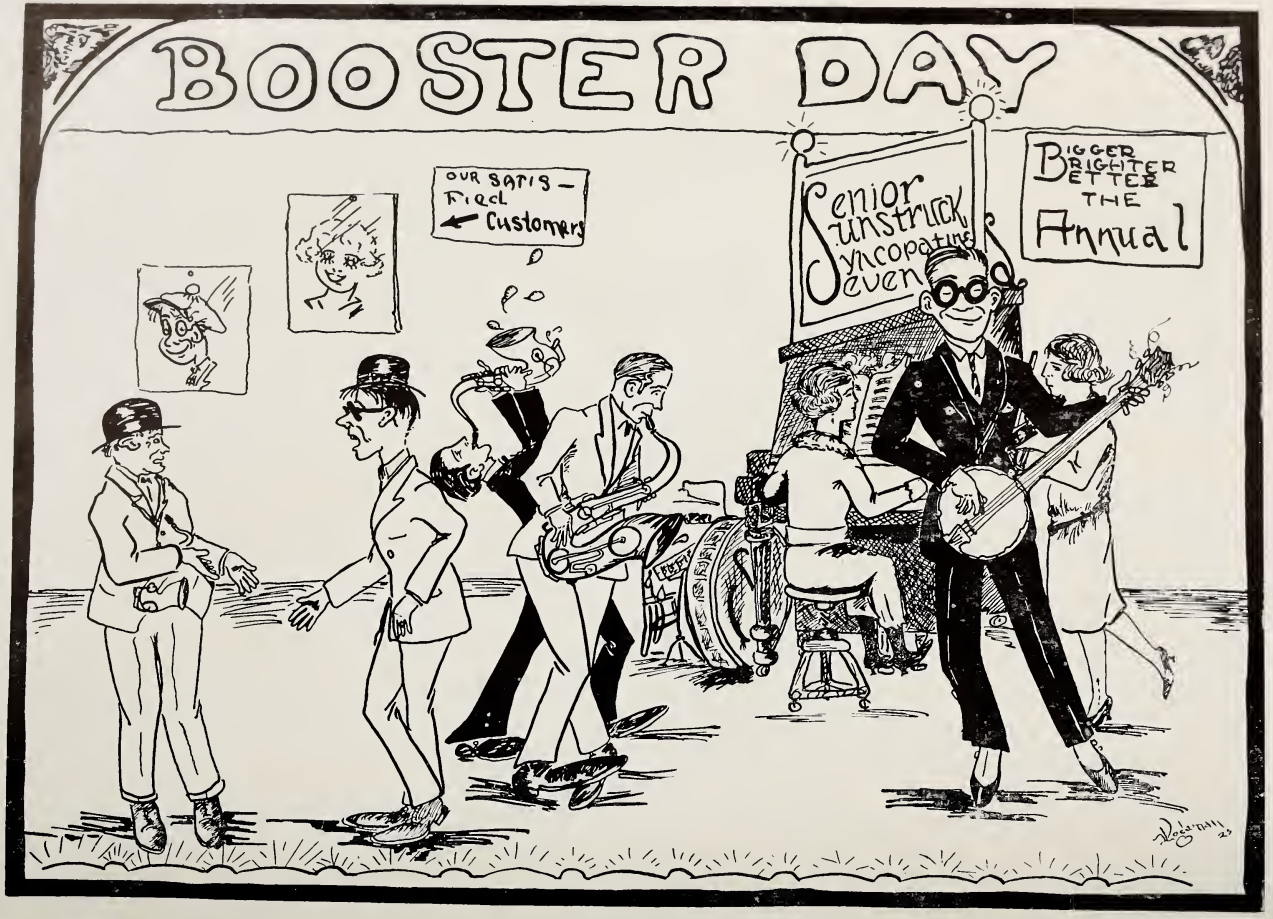
AGNES SMITH, '26

Freshman Class

Freshman Class Roll

Eugene Amann
James Armacost
John Bailey
LeRoy Batten
Carl Beichler
Robert Boltin
Benjamin Bowman
Homer Brand
Keith Brandon
Robert Brumbaugh
Herman Bruss
Arthur Burke
George Byard
Harold Canney
Elwood Cole
Lowell Crawford
Elmer Delk
Glenn Duckwall
Albert Dunn
Richard Engelken
Robert Fenstermaker
Ralph Fletcher
Darrold Gerber
Donald Glendenning
Forest Greene
Robert Grewe
Henry Grote
Robert Hartle
Edwin Hathaway
Robert Hawes
Basil Heller
Glenn Hetsler
Nelson Higgins
Walter Horn
Carl Karn
Thomas Kerlin
Walter Krick
Karl Krickeberg
Earl Lear
Raymond Lease
Harold Lowe
Mac McVay
Clarence McVay
Farrel Miller
Bennie Miller
Harold Miller
Ralph Moore
Joe Mote
Eugene Nagel
Myron Noll
Robert O'Brien
Wilbur Oelslager
Robert Olwine
Melvin Oswalt
Cleotus Overholser
Robert Plessinger
Norbert Pointner
Omer Pretzman
Clarence Rebka
Hilbert Reck
Walter Rehmert
Paul Renz
Oscar Riegel
Byron Robeson
John Ross
Paul Saylor
Everett Saylor
Elmer Schafer
Orville Sharp
Sanford Snyder
Kenneth Snyder
Robert Starr
Deo Steffen
Marion Subler
Byron Thomas
Rollie Thomas
Lewis Unger
John Vance
Herman VanKirk
Francis Vermillion
Oren Wandle
Donald Warner
Paul Warwick
Nolan Weaver
Roy Weisenbarger
Merlin Wehrley
Ray Westfall
J. E. Williams
Paul Winters
Eugene Witters
Samuel Witters
Walter Lee Wolf
Eugene Woodberry
Lowell Young
Ralph Morton
Hilton Harter
Clarence Kester
Carl Armstrong
Raymond Bogk
Cleo Cain
Liberty Bell
Olive Armacost
Lucile Armstrong
Virgie Ashman
Josephine Barnett
Lorena Beck
Charline Collins
Jean Coppock
Iola Cordell
Sarah Crawford
Irene Davison
Laura Delk
Frieda Deubner
Marjorie Duffey
Beryl Duffey
Margaret Eatwell
Kathryn Elston
Lourine Emrick
Thelma Fansler
Elizabeth Gentner
Patricia Harter
Daisy Hartle
Mary Hascher
CecileHeller
Phyllis Higgins
Florence Howard
Doris House
Perna Krick
Winifred Lindamood
Pauline Linder
Norma Lytle
Azora Markwith
Marie Marshall
Ella McGreevey
Ethel McKhann
Elizabeth Menke
Helen Moore
Lottie Mosby
Frances Murphy
Margaret Myers
Regina Myers
Clarabell Noll
Gladys Norris
Mildred Oswalt
Dorothy Pearce
Charlotte Pilliod
Florence Requarth
Romia Shields
Opal Shue
Gladys Shultz
Agnes Smith
Lucile Smith
Ida Smith
Dona Stentzel
Mae Stokes
Ruth Toman
Bernice Ungericht
Jane Urschel
Glennabelle Waggoner
Mary Warner
Treva Wehrley
Lucile Wooten
Luella Young
Leura Younker
Annabelle Harless
Pearl Marshall
Agatha Cross

In Memory of
Albertus Dunn
Deceased


BOOSTER DAY
OUR SATIS-FIED Customers
Senior Sunstruck Syncopating Seven
BIGGER BRIGHTER BETTER THE Annual

The Little Artist

Oh, there is a little artist
  Who paints in the cold night hours,
Pictures for little children
  Of wonderful trees and flowers.

Pictures of snow covered mountains
  Touching the snow white sky,
Pictures of distant oceans
  Where small white ships go by.

Pictures of rushing rivers
  By snow white bridges spanned,
Bits of beautiful landscapes
  Pictures from elfin land.

The moon is the light he paints by
  His paper the window pane,
His brush is just a snow flake
  And Jack Frost is his name.

LEANO SEDGWICK, '25

History Class

Tell us not, Oh history classes,
  School is but an easy dream;
For the student works who passes:
  Copying is not what it seems!

School is real, school is earnest,
  We must write our notes with vim.
Of't our notebooks he returnest,
  If they be but thin.

Students oft' in doubtful wonder,
  Puzzling, though they ought to know.
Scowled like, clouds of blackest thunder,
  Felt as blue as indigo.

Notebooks that perhaps the classes
  Coming after us may find,
Gleaning thought which truth surpasses
  From the books we leave behind.

Let us then be up and doing
  For our history lies in wait,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

HELEN RUH, '23
(With apologies to Longfellow)

Annual Exhibition—Art, Sewing and Manual Training

ORGANIZATIONS

W. LOHMAN

Sociedad Castellana

A los estudiantes de Espanol de los anos anteriores saludo. Os agradecemos su gran obra en organizar y desarrollar esta orgullosa sociedad.

La primera funcion que tuvo La S. C. fue un "hike". En octubre los socios fueron en una excursion de deiz kilometros a forest park. Una `gran hoguera fue encendida, y alrededor de esta los socios gozaron emparedados de salchichas, escabechados, altea, y chocolate caliente. Despues, todos tuvimos parte en unos juegos. Regresamos a Greenville por el tranvia, cansados y contentos.

La noche del 27 de octubre en la sala de arte La S. C. tuvo una tetrulia. La sale fue decorada segun la estacion con sugestiones de Halloween, y con las luces casi apagadas. Teniamos juegos durante la vispera, y despues se servian emparedados Espanoles, manzanas, y tortas en que habia las letras rojas S. C. en un fonda de amarillo. Seguro que fue una noche inolvidable.

En el 21 de febrero habia una tertulia en la sala de arte. Cada socio que asistio fue iniciado por comer un pedazo grande de ajo. Para algunos esto fue una verdadera pena. Puesto que comestibles son una cosa indispensable de una tertulia, teniamos chili con carne, pancillos calientes, y mantecado; y tambien, ajo.

Aunque La S. C. no ha efectuado todo lo que fue proyectado, ha adelantada mucho, y el departamento de Espanol ha hecho mas en este ano que en ningun otro.

Al partir, los socios esperamos gran exito a los nuevos socios quienes beben asumir la responsabilidad. Se sabe que haran ellos todo que puedan para guardar la buena reputacion de La Sociedad.

Los siguientes oficiales dirigian La S. C. este ano: President, Earl Stocker; Vice-President, Guillermita Lohman; Secretary, Karl Halladay; Treasurer, Maria Lott.

REDACTORES: DOLORES WEISS
HELEN MCFARLAND

Old G. H. S.

The Art Club

The Art Club of G. H. S. now has forty members. The club meets every first and third Wednesday of the school month in the Art Room. At the first meeting October 14, 1922 the club was reorganized and the following officers elected: Maurice Rhoades, President; Genevieve Young, Vice-President; Katharine Menke, Secretary-Treasurer.

The subject studied this year was Egyptian Art, Ancient and Modern. The work done by the club was the designing and printing of hundreds of posters on the letter press for the Football and Basketball games.

The social event of the year was a Christmas Party December 14, 1922. The party was a great success due to the efficiency of the program and eats committee under the direction of Miss Bier and Miss Patrick who also prepared and served an elaborate chicken supper. The party will long be remembered by the members as one of the most enjoyable events of their school life.

Several sketching hikes have been planned for the coming spring.

KATHARINE MENKE, Secretary-Treasurer.

Home Economics Club

The Girls' Club of the Home Economics Department was reorganized at the beginning of the year with an addition of twelve members.

Corene Wilt, '23, was elected President; Genrose Schreel, Vice-President; Edna Hartle, Secretary and Treasurer.

Several social affairs have been enjoyed by the members and their friends in the Club Rooms of Memorial Hall. At the Christmas party the guests of honor were Superintendent and Mrs. McCool, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and Miss Beiber. The President, Corene Wilt acted as hostess. The members of the club entertained their mothers at a six o'clock dinner on Washington's birthday, and a luncheon was also given for the former members of the club.

The Historical Club

The G. H. S. Historical Club organized in February, 1922, under the supervision of Mr. Allen. It is the only club based on scholarship of which the high school now boasts, as a certain percentage in grades is required for membership. We chose as our President, Margaret Landis; Vice-President, Ruby Hughes; and Secretary-Treasurer, Ruth Warner.

We were urged to read the newspapers and make clippings of important historical topics, and we soon discovered that the "funnies" were not the only interesting part of the newspaper.

Much interest was manifested and we again met in February, 1923, with an addition to our membership and a total of twenty-seven. Katharine Menke was chosen President; Treva Weimer, Vice President; and Ruby Hughes, Secretary-Treasurer. The meetings have been held the first and third Tuesdays of each month. The programs have proven interesting and instructive, generally consisting of Current Events, Readings and Talks on present day problems.

The purpose of the Historical Club has been to increase our knowledge of history and to give us a broader perspective of present day affairs. Mr. Allen deserves much credit as we feel that this has been amply accomplished.

Ruby Hughes, '23.

Le Cercle Francais

"Le Cercle Francais" was organized this year under the very efficient leadership of Miss Lindsey, and is the first French Club ever organized in the history of G. H. S. Only those students taking second year French are *eligible*, so next year we are hoping to have a much larger club.

The first meeting was held October 19, 1922, and we chose as officers for this year, President, Mary McCabe; Vice-President, Katharine Menke; Treasurer, Wilhelmine Lohman; and Secretary, Winona Sharkey. Meetings are held the first Thursday of every month.

The activities of the club this year were limited to a Christmas Party at the Memorial Hall, which was a great success.

KATHRYN STEINMETZ, '23

Sodalitas Latina

"The Follies of 59 B. C." which were put on by the Latin classes of the Greenville High School created so much excitement, because a "Dead Language" (as those who have never taken Latin call it) could be applied to the up-to-date music, that it was at once determined by the Latin classes to organize a Latin Club, to increase the interest of the High School in Latin.

On Wednesday, February 7, 1923, forty-three students assembled in room 9, of the "Old High School" for the the purpose of organizing a Latin Club, under the direction of Miss Lindsey and Miss Bieber. The temporary Chairman and Secretary took their places and the following officers were elected by ballot: Betty Kemble, President; Hester Winters, Vice-President; Mildred Hupman Secretary, and Leroy Stentzel, Treasurer.

On the following day over one-hundred students were enrolled in the club. All students who have taken two or more years of Latin are eligible for membership.

No social events have yet taken place but many are being planned for the future, as the social side of the club, will not be neglected.

Although the Club was organized late in the school year it promises to be a great success.

KATHRYN CALDERWOOD, '24.

OH! NO! IT WAS ONLY A 20th EARTHQUAKE!
I'LL HAVE UT FUR YE IN A MINUT NOW.
TERRIBLE!
MY, MY. AINT THAT JUIST THE FUNNIEST THING YE IVER DID SEE?
SAY! YA FATHEAD IF YAD GIT OFF MY FAN I CUD MOOV IT WITH THIS GUM.

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club has been under the direction of Mr. Messinger now for two years in which time it has made much progress. As yet we have not appeared in public but are saving our voices for the Operetta which will be given Commencement Week and which, we are sure will be a big success.

The Glee Club was organized with the following officers: Mary McCabe, President; Betty Kemble, Vice-President; and Esther Meyer, Secretary-Treasurer. During the first Semester the Club met every Tuesday evening after school but now during the Second Semester we meet every Wednesday evening.

Personnel

FIRST SOPRANO	SECOND SOPRANO	FIRST ALTO	SECOND ALTO
Opal Condon	Iliah Clark	Olive Baughman	Dorothy Crisler
Laurene Hamilton	Mary Davis	Emma Jane Berkheimer	Betty Kemble
Blanchemae Lyons	Esther Hoke	Margaret Brown	Mary McCabe
Minerva Oliver	Margaret Keefauver	Mayno Coning	Esther Meyer
Elsie Ryan	Kathryn Ludy	Ruth Halliday	Vesta Riffle
Mina Seamon	Winifred Snyder	Margaret Landis	Winona Sharkey
Alice Strait	Ruth Young	Genrose Schreel	
Ruth Warner	Kathryn Calderwood	Kathryn Steinmetz	
Treva Weimer	Annabel Byrd	Norma Yount	
Corene Wilt	Velda Earhart		

ESTHER MEYER, '23, Secretary-Treasurer.

Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club was started this year under the able supervision of Mr. Messinger, who directed last years Glee Club.

We organized with John Rush as President; Howard Minnich as Vice-President; and John Coleman as Secretary and Treasurer.

The Club has so far appeared before an audience only once this year, but the public will have plenty of opportunities to hear us before the term is out, especially in the Annual High School Musical, and Inter-Schoolastic Musical which is to be given here this year. Also arrangements are being made for some out of town dates.

Gus Wenger, '24

Personnel

FIRST TENOR	SECOND TENOR	FIRST BASS	SECOND BASS
Myron Pearce	Harry Kern	John Rush	William Rush
Leroy Stentzel	Robert Fox	John Coleman	Walter Steffen
Howard Minnich	Earl Stocker	Eugene Martin	Leroy Shields
John Winters	Omer Pretsman	James Dunham	Sheridan Yount
Paul Winters	W. D. Brumbaugh, Jr	Jonas Thomas	Earl Burnett
Dawn Delk	Gus. Wenger	Milton Jefferis	

Mr. Messinger, Director — Martha Weisenbarger, Pianist

The Senior Orchestra

"An Orchestra is a body of musical performers or the collective mass of instruments employed."
Professor CHARLES SMITH MORRIS

Which are we?

On the second day of the school year '22 all those who wished to be in the G. H. S. Orchestra were requested to meet on the stage. Mr. Messinger finding that there were about forty-five students who wished to meet under his direction for practice, decided to divide us into two orchestras. The Juniors and Seniors who had had previous experience were placed in the Senior Orchestra, the others in the Junior. At first we met every Tuesday and Thursday at one o'clock, since the beginning of the second semester our hour has been changed to 12:15, but nevertheless we have maintained our usual spirit and zeal, and in fact have accomplished much more. Several times we have appeared before our fellow students. At the present time we are hoping and practicing for the loving cup, to be given away at the Music Contest.

KATHRYN STEINMETZ, '23.

FIRST VIOLINS
Winona Sharkey
Margaret Brown
Martha Weisenbarger
Mary Livingston
Wilhelmina Kurz
Herbert Zechar
Kathryn Steinmetz

SECOND VIOLINS
Milton Jefferis
Donald Poling
Richard Billingsley

SAXOPHONES
Eugene Martin
John Rush
Gus Wenger

'CELLO
Mary McCabe
John Coleman

FLUTES
Dorothy Younker
Genrose Schreel

CORNETS
Myron Pearce
Kenneth Ganger

TROMBONES
Lowell Hyer
Lester Young
John Winters

CLARINETS
W. D. Brumbaugh, Jr
Jonas Thomas
Robert Hoffman

PIANO
Laurene Hamilton

Junior Orchestra History

In the fall of 1922 Mr. Messinger, the Director of Music of Greenville High School, discovered there was so much musical talent in G. H. S. that it was necessary to organize two orchestras.

The Junior Orchestra is composed mainly of Freshmen and Sophomores, although occasionaly a Junior or Senior is seen.

By practicing the same pieces as the Senior Orchestra the great aim of the Junior Orchestra is to rival those who have applied the "Baby Orchestra" to them.

Under the directorship of Mr. Messinger the year of 1922-23 has proved to be a great success for the Junior Orchestra.

HESTER HAWES, '23.

Junior Orchestra Personnel

VIOLINS

Elizabeth Menke
Glenna Belle Wagner
Gladys Norris
Hester Hawes
Mary Flo Dickey
Irene Davison
Kenneth Puterbaugh
Eugene Witters
Anna Mae Mosby
Virgie Ashman
Josephine Barnett
Doris House
Lorena Belle Beck
Robert Starr
Omer Pretsman

CLARINETS

Dorothy Pearce
Roy Weisenbarger
Basil Heller
Paul Warwick

CORNETS

Orville Sharp
Harrison Wilson

TROMBONES

Francis Vermillion
Carl Stocker

SAXOPHONES

Walter Horn
Walter Lee Wolf

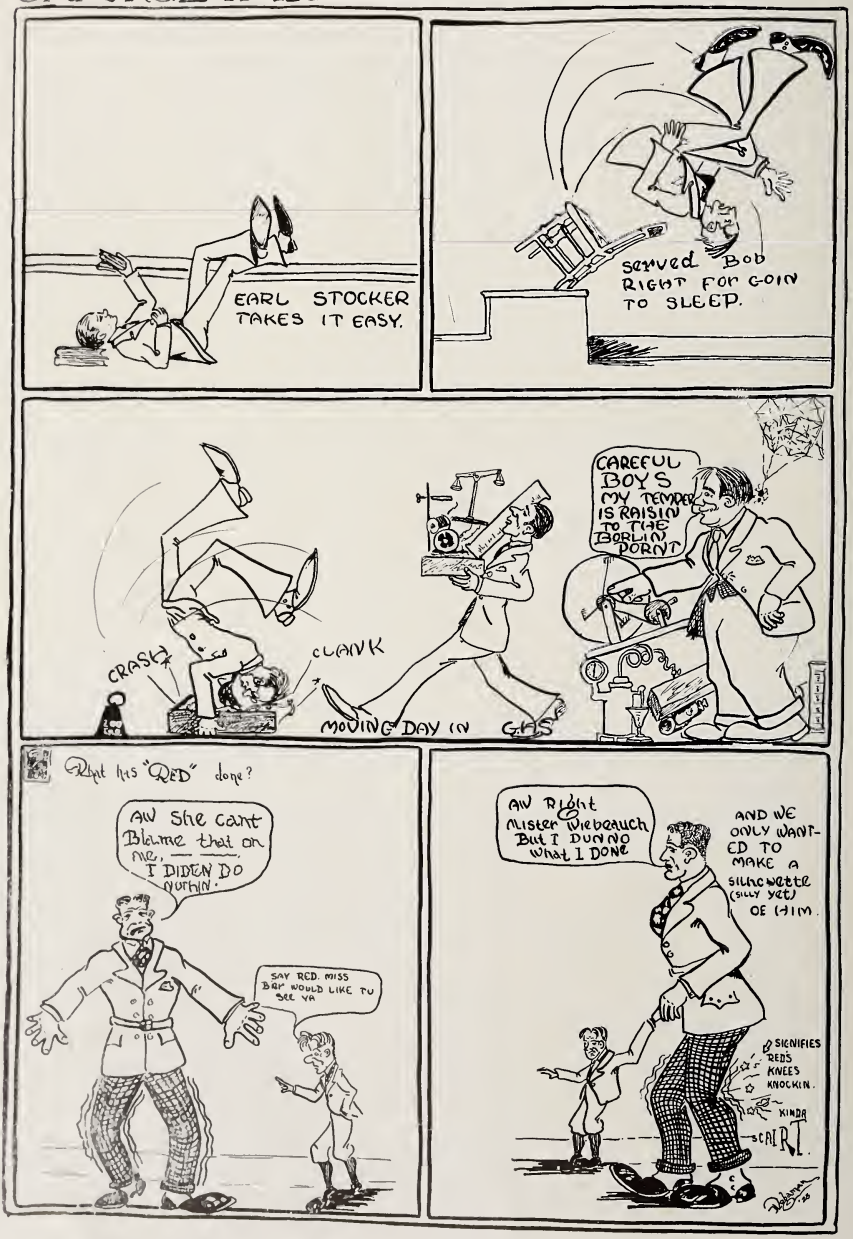
MANDOLIN

Dona Stenzel

PIANIST

Laurene Hamilton

UNFORGETABLE GS INCIDENTS


EARL STOCKER TAKES IT EASY.
SERVED BOB RIGHT FOR GOIN TO SLEEP.
CAREFUL BOYS MY TEMPER IS RAISIN TO THE BOILIN PORNT
CRASH
CLANK
MOVING DAY IN GHS
Right Hes "RED" done?
AW She cant Blame that on me, I DIDEN DO NUTHIN.
SAY RED. MISS BAT WOULD LIKE TU SEE YA
AW Right Mister Wiebrauch But I DUNNO What I DONE
AND WE ONLY WANTED TO MAKE A SILHOUETTE (SILLY YET) OF HIM.
SIGNIFIES REDS KNEES KNOCKIN.
KINDA SCARY.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS GREENVILLE OHIO
BRIDGE
CAPACITY
7-TONS
19
23

"Good Business"

The farmer sells a load of wheat,
And all the world grows fair and sweet;
He hums a couple of cheerful tunes,
And pays the grocer for his prunes.

The grocer who has had the blues,
Now buys his wife a pair of shoes,
That ten the shoe-man thinks God sent,
And runs and pays it on the rent.

Next day the rent man hands the bill
To Dr. Carver for a pill,
And Dr. Carver tells his Frau,
That business is improving now.

And cheers her up and says, "My dear.
You've been quite feeble for a year,
I'm thinking you should have some rest,
You'd better take a trip out West,"

And in a couple of days the Frau,
Is on the farm of Joshua Howe,
She pays her board to farmer Howe,
Who takes the bill and says. "I vow,

Here's something that just can't be beat,
This bill's the one I got for wheat."
He hums a couple of cheerful tunes,
And goes and buys a lot more prunes.

LEANO SEDGWICK, '25

The Passing of the West School Building.

Two score and fourteen years ago our forefathers decided to erect a new building and dedicate it to their posterity. This building was the West School Building. Can't you image the smile of satisfaction that suffused the countenance of the contractor as he tapped his snuff box and ordered the pigs chased off the vacant lot? Or of the workman with his clay pipe or his wad of "Red Horse" as he ascended his ladder with a hod of bricks on his shoulder? This all happened fifty-four years ago; the time when Ulysses Grant (then in his prime) was Lord and Master of the nation. Ever since that time great storms of rain, sleet and snow have beset this soot stained building, and "The time has come" the students say to tear down this crumbling edifice.

Many people have asked, Why was it not destroyed years ago?" The answer given was used centuries ago and is still popular; it is nothing more than "because". Finally the change came. A bond issue was to be voted on in November, and as it hung in the balance, the pupils of Greenville, bedecked with flags and banners and scrubbed to the shining point by parents, rallied around "Fat" Wolf's drum and threw their weight and his on the side of the Bond Issue and it was carried.

In a short while, perhaps the old structure will be obliterated from our landscape, and the pigeons which were wont to settle (with a flurry of feathers) upon our dust covered skylight, will be forced to go elsewhere. Those who have never gone to the West Building do not realize the greatness of the step which has been taken, but it will be realized and appreciated by those who have gone to the old Building and will graduate from the new. So the old building will go and with it the squawking heaters, the cracked ceilings, the gum plastered desks and the leaky pipes; and we can look forward to a new building erected with that spirit which has made this Country—"For the people and by the people".

ROBERT HOFFMAN, '24.

School Spirit.

The greatest factor in the life of the Greenville High School is "School Spirit." It is no more than the manner in which each class as a whole or individually enters into the activities and work of the school life. When each class enters the Greenville High School its members are determined to make their class the best that ever graduated.

Because of this a constant rivalry is kept up between the various classes, each trying to do something that will win more praise than the preceding class. Every one enters whole-heartedly into the work and sports of the school.

Each class is well represented in athletics. Even the timid Freshmen take an astonishing interest in them. Those who do not play on the teams or take a leading part, follow their representatives to root for them. On field day all of the classes are well represented and many times the Freshmen take the lead. This shows that they have aroused the interest of the class and are determined to make their class the best in the history of the Greenville High School.

Not only in sports but in school work the students take a great interest. Each one hopes to graduate with the honors of his class, or to see at least, that some one represents them in scholarship. Since we are to have a new building the work and activities of the school will increase as well as the "School Spirit".

KATHRYN CALDERWOOD, '24.

A Story and a Man Should Be Alike.

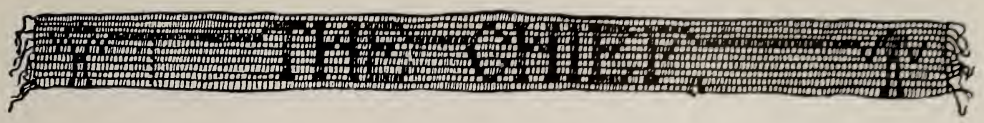
We have been told to have a definite object in view and to make every word count in bringing this out when writing a story.

Many do not follow this rule and consequently their stories are thrown into the waste basket. They may write a list of interesting events but if there is no central thought to be carried through the story is worthless.

We can apply this rule to life. If we choose a goal or "hitch our cart to a star" and then direct our efforts toward this end, we shall succeed. If we have no aim in view, we may go through the higher institutions of learning, and be helped in every way and merely be able to hold down a job. We shall never reach the top round of the ladder of success without a definite object in view, but will be thrown among a class of people who never do anything which can be appreciated after they are gone.

MARY DAVIS, '23.

HuH! Sounds more like the "Soap" song" From "Shiels," to me Pete!
THIS SOUNDS LIKE "POST TOSTIES" "Good Bye" Sam.
SAM TRICK and Clint Petry try out their new "RADIO-BUG"



The Mystery Solved

I edged my way hesitatingly into the laboratory The great man had his back toward me when I entered. From the rear he looked like almost any ordinary man. However, when he turned, no one could have been deceived; his was the master mind. His countenance expressed the light of understanding held only by the great. His expressive eyes had the pensive gaze of one who guides the world in science. He wore a gray suit. Piled high on either side of him were books of abstract science and philosophy. His desk was littered with a mass of papers.

This noted man's manner was extremely abstracted. Now and then he hurriedly jotted down figures on a pad among the mass of papers on his desk, and he took no notice of me whatever. I felt that perhaps I should not disturb the famous man while in the midst of his investigations. I took a step towards the door He noted my movements, and with the wonderful perception of an analytical mind instantly divined that I intended to depart.

"Stay!" He held up his hand imperiously. "I may have something to reveal shortly."

"Ah!" thought I, "I have come at a most opportune time. He is almost ready to make known the result of his late research, and I shall be the first to hear it, and the "Advocate" will be the first to misprint it" I sat down quietly to wait the result of his final calculations.

The master mind again turned to his task. He seemed in difficulty. His brow darkened. The hand that held the pencil paused, laid down the pencil, and aided the other hand in tearing up the sheet on which he was writing He began again to write. Alas! what would the world do without such a man to discover the exact number of elections shot off from a gram of radium in a million years? The thoughts were appalling. Earth would be a chaos and man but a little better than a beast were it not for such a man as he, who has for years conclusively proved by exhaustive effort the theories that puzzle us every day in our life. The wizard of science bent lower over his task. He wrote faster and faster. He added long columns of logarithms with lightning rapidity. His knotted brow was beaded with perspiration. He worked with feverish haste. The clock struck the hour of four, but he heard it not. His pencil leaped across the page. At last his eye brightened, his face cleared, he had almost finished At length he arose. On his face was an expression of complete exultation His eye flashed the fire of undaunted achievement. His joy was supreme. He lifted his radiant face toward the heavens. About his mouth played a happy smile. I waited, pencil poised, for those precious words.

"I have figured out my income tax!" he said.

CLARENCE MERGLER, '23.

The MacBrides Swear Off

The MacBrides were newly married people and had lived a very happy and contented life for the first two weeks. On this evening they sat alone, The husband wore a dressing-gown of gorgeous and variegated colors. He sat in a large armchair with his feet resting on the soft cushion of another chair. He was trying laboriously to read a magazine with the aid of an eye-glass which he had purchased under the solemn conviction that his position in society required him to use something of the kind.

"Is there anything else I can do for your comfort, John?" tenderly inquired the young wife.

"I think not, Susan," he replied, "though if you will kindly open that package and put the smoking set within reach, I shall be obliged."

Mrs. MacBride did so, and she filled his new pipe, the bowl of which was already taking a brownish tinge that gave gromise of richer and grander results in the future. John put the pipe in his mouth and began to smoke very rapidly.

"You don't know, Susan, how I appreciate your kindness in interposing no objection to my indulgence in this habit. Hard as would have been the sacrifice, Susan, I would have quit it cheerfully, if you had exacted it."

"How could I have asked you to quit smoking," replied the young wife," when you have never made the least objection to my chewing gum?"

Mr. MacBride laid the pipe down and looked at her in astonishment for a few moments. "Do you chew gum, Susan?" said he, very much surprised. "I never suspected it."

"I confess I do sometimes, John."

"Mrs. MacBride." said he severely, "have you any idea of the consequences of chewing gum? Do you know the vile materials of which the stuff is made?"

"It can't be any worse than the poisonous, filthy fumes of that dirty pipe you are smoking," answered Susan.

"Susan MacBride, have a care! Don't provoke me too far," said John boldly.

"John MacBride, do you dare to threaten me? Don't stare and squint at me through that eye-glass till you have learned how to use it."

"Susan," exclaimed the young husband, pale with emotions of anger. You have spoken sneeringly of this smoking set and it cost twenty-five dollars. Let that pass, I can bear it. To think that the woman whom I have vowed to love and upon whom I have poured out the treasure of a heart's richest affection, is a gum chewer!"

"A gum Chewer is a credit to a man who smokes that dirty vile tobacco which has gone through all kinds of dirty, dusty ware houses."

"You always have to find fault with something," grumbled John.

"John," sobbed Susan, "I'll quit chewing if you'll stop smoking."

"I'll do it, my love!" he exclaimed.

John wrapped his smoking set, with pipe, tobacco and all, in a paper box and threw the package into the depths of a dark and gloomy attic on the topmost floor, while Susan gathered up all her gum and put it in her chewing gum box, She likewise threw her box into the dark attic.

"With these sacrifices, Susan," said John, tenderly, "we will banish forever these bad and filthy habits."

Twenty-four hours had passed and evening had arrived again. It was very lonely without the pleasures of those dreadful habits.

John sneaked into the attic on his tip-toes and walked across the floor with the greatest caution. Just as he neared the most remote corner, he fell over a large box and crashed to the floor. There was a faint scream, and John was amazed to see his wife.

"What are you doing here, madam?"

"Sir, I am looking for my gum what are you doing here?"

"Madam, I am looking for my pipe."

RENO TEAFORD, '25.

"To The Rescue"

Weel, ye might understan' that maething in the worl' wid serve the guidwife but a veisit to the circus. She had set her heart on that. The biayes, too, had been deavilin' me about clowns an' tum'lers an' horses, sae, for peacesake an' to sort o' oil the famely macheenery, I set a nicht an' agreed to tak, the nole rick-ma-tick in to see the show.

I canna say I'm ony great admirer o' circuses—I niver wis in one afore—but this I might admit, that the performance, sae far as I saw't, was really baith divertin, an' wonnerfu'. There was a'e man in particlar that stuid upon the very tap o'a horse fleein' roun' the ring like a comet, an' the claes that man took aff wos a caution. Losh' he seemed to be able to peel himsel' like an ingan, till the rascal at last slipped aff his vera trousers an stuid in his nicht shirt afore a' the folk. Even this was at last whupt off, an' there he was a' shinin' in spangles, like a harlequin!

Aifter that a drunk chiel' staggered into the ring, and the blame gowk insisted on ha'ein' a ride on one o' the horses, in spite o' wha' the man wi the big whup could say or dae. I saw for mysel' that the creature was nae mair fit to ride on a horse than he wis ta flee in the air, but willy-nilly he wid get up on the horse's back till the clown an' the man wi' the big whup in his han were perfectly tired wi' foolishness, an' they gied him a leg up to please him an' keep him quate. It was jist as I expected. The minute he wis heised up' ov're he went, richt ov're the animal's back, an' doon he cam' wi' a clash on the ither side. I thocht he wid ha'e broken his neck wi' the fa', but no, up he got mair thrawn than iver, an naething wid pit him off the notion o' gettin' up on that horse's back an' ridin', richt reason or nane.

The ringmaister was fairly daft to ken what to dae wi' him; an' as I saw a bobby stannin' up on the tap seat o' the gallery, I got up on the selvage o' the ring an, wavin' my han' to him, I cried, "Hey! policeman, come doon to the daft eeidot. It's as muckle's his life's worth to lippen a man sae far gane in drink on the back o' a horse like that. He'll be kilt, an' that'll be seen."

These sentiments o' mine seemed to find an echo in every breast, for the cheerin' an' lauchin' that set in was something tremendous. But it was nae use speakin', the policeman widna stir a'e fit, but stuid an' lauched wi' the lave' an' the man wid be up on the horse's back dae a' they could to keep him doon, They gied him a heise up again, an' awa' he went plaistered up wi' his legs striddled ov're the horse's head. Of course he tumbled aff aince mair, an' the next time the daft fule stuck himsel' wi' his face to the tail. as if he didna ken a'r end o' the animal frae the ither. Then the horse set aff, an' my vera hair was stannin' on-en' at the rascal, wha was hingin' on by the horse's tail. But naething wid ser' the madman but he'd stan' up on the horse's back like's he'd seen the ithers dae; an' to my great astonishment, he actually managed this an' gaid through some of the comicallest caipers ever you saw. It's weel seen there's a special providence for bairns an' drunk folk.

After this, a maist amusin' wee brat o' clown made his appearance in the ring dressed in a suit o' calico o' the maist ridiculous description. However, I maun say this, that I enjoyed the caipers o' the wee mannie just as weel's ony o' the baeys, wha were nearly gaun into fits wi' lauchin' at him. But jist at this time ane o' the horses sent a lump o' sawdust an' dirt aff its hoofs into oor Willie's e'e, sae I took him on my knee to try an' get the stuff oot. While I was busy workin' awa' with my hankie, a' at aince I hears a awfullest roar o' lauchter, an' lookin' up, what did I see but the wee clown mannie busy kissin' my wife. Dod, flesh an bluid couldna' sta impidence like that. I like fun jist as' weel's onbody but that was raither mucho'a guid thing for me.

"Get oot o' there, ye pentit wee monkey that ye are!" I cried, makin' glaum at the nochty bit creature. "Wid ye daur to speil ov'er the seats an' kiss my wife before my very lookin' face?" But, Lod! he was like a needly, for before I could lay my fingers on him, he tumbled like a willcat back into the ring, an' awa' he went birlin' roun like a cart wheel, while the folk on every side were screechin' oot at what they dootless took to be gran' fun. Maybe it wis, only I couldna see it in that licht.

Ance rouse the slumberin' lion in Bob Johnston; an', I could tell ye, he's a very deevil to deal wi. Maggie threw her airms roun' me to keep me doon, but I was neither to hand nor to bind.

"Let go, ye shameless woman!" I cried. Wid ye ha'e me condone an offense against

common decency like that?'' Wi' these words I sprang into the ring, an' aifter the impertinent vagabond as hard as my legs could carry me, amid the cheerin' o' the hole circus.

Roun' aboot an' roun' aboot the ring we guad, the wee clown lookin' the very pictur' o' fear, an' I comin' thunderin' aifter him like thot Greek chiel' Memesis, I think he's ca'd. The excitement was tremendous. I felt my puff fast leavin' me, but I was jist within airm's length o' the creatur' an' sometimes nearly had him in my grup, but aye as I passed the side o' the ring next the wife, she oot wi' her hands an' tried to grup me by the coat tails an' haud me back.

I was jist in the very act o' layin' my han' o' airn on the scruff o' the creatur's neck, when he dookit his heid like a deuk in a pond, an' awa'. I went fleein' ov're his heid, sprauchled oot as flet's a flounder, wi' my nose buried aboot a fit an' a hauf amang dirty sawdust, that smelt horribly o' the stable. The folk a' seemed to think that this was a pairt o' this regulur performance by the way they cheered, an' when the cause o' a' the uproar cam' ov're an' lifted me up, lettin' at the same time a neifu' o' sawdust trickle throughs his fingers as if it had come pourin' oot o' my nose, the lauchter was something tremendous.

I was that way used up for want o' win' at the time that I couldna resent his capers, an' when the wee creature popped doon on his knees in the middle o' the ring an' begged my pardon for kissin' my wife, I hadna' the heart to feel angry. Sae I shuik him by the han' an' said. ''A' richt my chappie, I'll forgi'e you this time but juist dinna dae't again or there'll be the de'il to pay.

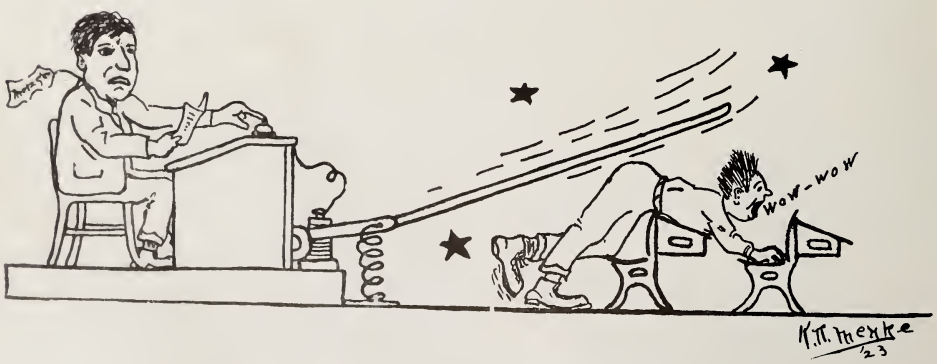
But its ill to ken wha's yer frien' in this worl; for pretendin' the greatest regard for my feelin's he began to brush the sawdust aff my coat wi' his han' an then to take my airm an' mairch me roun' aboot the ring. Every time I truned my back, the folk seemed to split their very sides wi' lauchin. I could see naething to lauch at, but next moment I sees the wife, wi' the family umbrella in her han', jump into the ring; an' afore the clown kent whaur he was stannin' losh, she hit him a crack on the heid that sent him spinnin' ov're the ring like a peerie.

"Ye Nesty, impident mountebank that ye are! ''she cried shakin' her umbrella at the mannie, wha' was sittin' rubbin' his croon in the funniest manner ever ye saw. ''Ill learn ye to chalk up yer insultin' figures on my man's back. Comc awa' home, Bob, oot o' this. It wisna' to gi'e fun to a wheen haiverin' fules, we cam' here.''

So sayin' Maggie puld me by the airm across the ring oot by the big door whaur the performers came in by, an' followed by the baeys wha' by this time had jumped into the ring aifter their respected parents, whe mairched oot grandly, wi' the band playin', an' the folk cherrin', an lauchin' an' ruffin' like to bring doon the hoose. It wisna till aifter I got oot that I discovered the trick played on me, for the clown, while he was pretendin' to be dowcin' the dust aff my back, was chalkin' up at the same time a duddy's heid wi' long lugs on the back breadth o' my guid black coat.

The circus man cam' up to the hoose next day on' offered me five pounds a week if I'd come down every nicht for a month an' gang through the same performance. He said the Bob Johnston episode was the best thing in the programme, an' he slippit a half-croon into each o' the baeys han's. But, na, na, I'm for nae muir circus performances.

MAYNO CONING, '24.

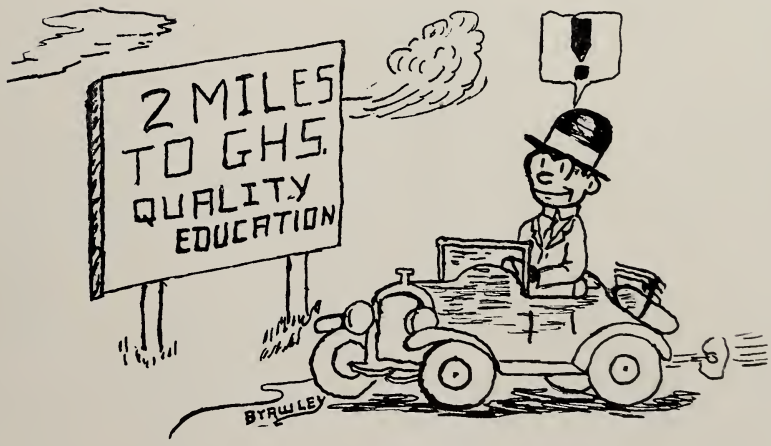


RUTH FLOOD

A Senior's Ode on His Absence

Is this a blue excuse I see before me,
Just before my hand? Go, I need thee not.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal irsion, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A false creation, arising from my absence?
I see thee yet, in form of one I shall receive.
Thou showest me the way that I am going,
And art the instrument which I shall use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still;
And near the bottom, a red inked signature
Made by a rubber stamp: 'tis professor Bailey's.
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is my mind which thus creates it.
Thou sure and firm set earth,
My steps, you heard them not, which way they went;
Yet am I afraid; I fear the very stones
Prate of my where abouts.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Apologies to Shakespeare's, "Macbeth"
ROSCOE MENDENHALL, '23.



The Mystery of the Murdered Major

HUNTEM, the famous psycho-scientific detective, sat in his room, eating animal crackers. They were his one vice, these little confections in the shape of bears, dogs, lions, elephants and what not. The only time the noted mental wizard, with the attractive crossed eyes, ever showed irascibility was when he ran out of animal crackers.

Chew Lung, his Chinese servant came into the room and struck a brass gong and silently left. It meant there was a visitor down stairs. Huntem indicated by gesturing with a half devoured elephant that he would see the visitor. The man who came was greatly agitated. Huntem arose, swallowed the rest of the elephant, and waved the man to a chair.

"Major Fishcake was killed in his library yesterday afternoon, sir," the visitor said.

"By whom and what for?" asked Huntem without hesitation.

"That's what I came to ask you;" said the visitor curtly.

"Did Major Fishcake have any enemies?" asked Huntem, shoving the box of animal crackers across the table to the visitor.

"What the dickens are these?" demanded the visitor.

"Animal crackers," answered Huntem.

"He did not have an enemy in the world to my knowledge," said the visitor, examining the box of crackers.

"Tut, tut, man! Do you mean to say that some friend killed him. He must have had some enemies. With what was the Major struck down?"

"A heavy, blunt instrument."

"Ah! that again! We detectives will some day find that instrument. It has caused far too many deaths already."

"He was struck just above the head," said the visitor.

"Just above the head? Do you mean on the crown of his hat?"

"I mean on the crown of his head, of course!" replied the guest, shoving away the animal crackers with disgust.

"Try those zebras," urged Huntem. "This batch is lovely—just the right sweetness."

"Keep your crackers to yourself! What do you say about this case?"

"Have you read my book on, "Thuds?" It is a very enlightening book, especially the chapters on the dull, sickening thud."

"My dear sir, let us go to the scene of the murder so you may get started at once!" interrupted the visitor petulantly.

They found the Major as the slayer had left him, lying face down on the library floor.

"This is the corpse of my dear friend' Major Aita Fishcake," sniffled the visitor.

"So it is," said Huntem, eating a cow.

"Be still now while I examine the room." Finally he discovered a parrot in a cage in a corner by a window. "Ha!" cried Huntem. "What have we here?"

"That's a parrot," answered the visitor. "Major Fishcake picked it up in some of his travels."

"Talk?" asked Huntem.

"No, swears," said the visitor.

"All the time or only when annoyed?" asked the detective.

"Not very often," said the visitor. "It has a decided aversion to green, especially in a necktie, Do you suspect the parrot?"

"Leave me alone in this room awhile," said Huntem suddenly, looking from the visitor to the parrot, but the visitor could not tell which on account of Mr. Huntem's eyes.

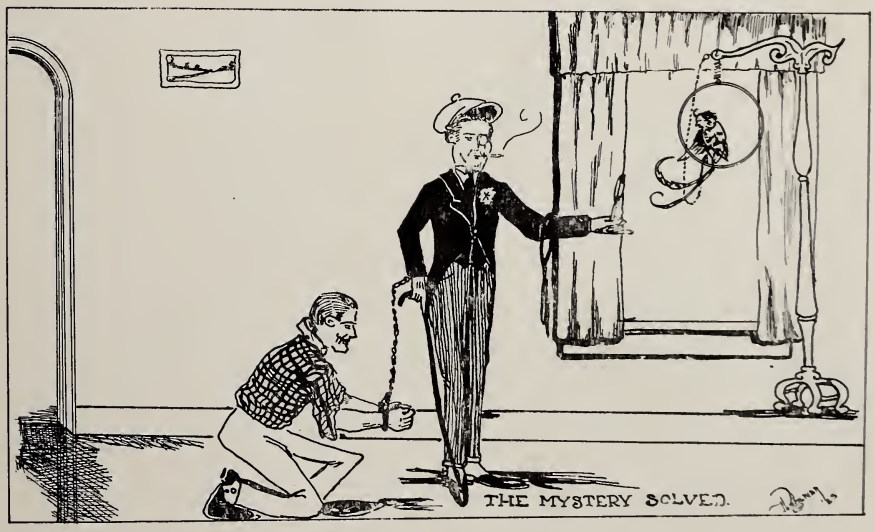
Several hours later, the visitor heard a scuffle, cries, and a metallic click. He burst into the room. There was Huntem with his clothes disarranged, standing over a handcuffed figure, on the floor. The man was collarless. "There," said Huntem, "is your murderer."

The sleuth ate another rhinoceros. He held in his other hand a green necktie.

"This belongs to him," pointing to the man on the floor. This man passes this house regularly, wearing this tie. The parrot has seen it and has cursed the wearer horribly. Finally the man in a rage, came in the house and killed Fishcake, thinking he did all the swearing. The man passed by to-day, and when he heard some one swearing naturally thot it was the murdered man's ghost. This so unnerved him that he nearly fainted, then ran out and captured him."

The detective sighed. "These rhinocerises, he said," are lovely, you miss so much."

ROBERT FOX, '23.



"Traveling"

I'd like to be a traveler, yes,
And travel the world o'er;
I'd like to see the sights and views
I've never seen before.

I'd be sure to visit London
And the rest of those big towns;
And then I'd view the scenery,
With its hills and ups and downs.

Oh yes, I'd like to travel,
But suppose you've not the "Mon,"
Would you set to work and earn it
Or would you borrow some?

E. Strobel, '24.

Them Dum Wireless.

AN EPIC POEM

Every day, in every way, I'm growing fatter and fatter; so I took my daily walk to remedy the matter. As I was walking down the road, I came upon a man. His form was bent and broken, his face had lost its tan. He was looking down and out; there's no denying that. I thought that probably he too was accumulating fat.

"My man." I said, "this is an age of enemies and foes, perhaps you'd like to tell to me the story of your woes."

"My name is 'Big Ben Ingersoll,' " he said without a pause. "My tale is sad and dreary," and he waggled both his jaws. "When I was young, I always was a bright lad, so my mother said, I tried to take the clock apart and catalogue it in my head. This early act of mine, I fear, put me on my great career. Since then I've risen to great heights, I've sat upon the peak of fame. 'Big Bens' and 'Babe Bens' are widely known, because they bear my famous name. I did a thriving business, for everyone must rise at some time of the day or night to eat his apple pies. But now it all is o'er; my trade is on the ice. I couldn't sell a dollar watch reduced to quarter price. 'Why it is?' you ask me. The reason is most clear, for everyone a wireless has, the distant points to hear. 'Big Bens' and 'Baby Bens' they use no more, they fix their set for a wave length, and then turn in and snore. They know that at a certain hour, a voice will holler in their ear, 'Get up! get up! you lazy pup, 'tis time my warning sounds you hear.' And that is why you see me so; I am not feeling at my best. I haven't eaten for a week; my spine is rubbing on my chest."

And so I went upon my way, knowing that the simple feat of taking off my surplus weight lay not in walking,—just don't eat.

JOHN COLEMAN, '23.

On this day in March when the sky's so blue,
Do we feel bad? I'll say we do!
We've a real true friend who soon is leaving;
And it's for this cause that we are grieving.

A land-mark to our grand-sires it has been
Though the years have passed two-score and ten.
Study and fun alike shared its halls,
And there's many a name on its friendly walls

A crackety-bang and then a boom!
Our beloved old building is helped to its doom.
Of bricks it was: to bricks returneth.
A rest and peace it amply earneth.

SYBIL DEWEESE, '23.
MARY FLO DICKEY, '23.

?

The green little freshie first noticed it when he deposited his gum in the basket, as requested by his teacher. It was a queer looking object half hidden by paper that had been aimed at the basket but had fallen short of its mark. He decided that the object was a little metal substance somewhat gold in color, but beyond that he was puzzled. Could anyone in this rickety old building have lost a lump of gold? No, that above all things, was out of the question: Upon returning to his seat the green little freshie decided to keep his discovery to himself. He would return after class and examine it more fully; then if it were of any value—why—that was as far as his day dream took him, for the bell rang and he jumped up and joined his classmates in the hall. Making a fine excuse to them by saying that he had left his fountain pen on his desk, the green little freshie rushed back to get his gold piece. Oh! He was almost ready to reach out and grab it! And how he would tell his friends to be ever watchful after this. He picked it up; the gold surface gleamed and sparkled in his hand. This little round box couldn't be a gold piece—perhaps a jewel box containing gems worth far more than any gold coin. That was it! A jewel box! And eagerly he started to open it when—

"Oh, you dear little boy! You found it for me didn't you? And I was afraid it was gone for good, and that would have meant another dollar gone for nothing." The flapper relieved the bewildered green little freshie of her indispensable vanity case and left him with a puzzled and disappointed look on his face.

BETTY KEMBLE

As You Take It

Horace had gained an immense popularity around Greenville. In fact, Horace was known as the "Sheik of G. H. S." From his fresh days onward he was the cynosure of all feminine eyes and he admitted it. No false modesty about Horace.

Up to this point, gentle readers, you can well understand my story. But here comes the catch. Horace took no notice of the feminine portion of the high school. "Impossible!" say you? 'S a fact. But the day came when the rumor was spread about that Horace had become interested in some "Follies" beauty. For several weeks Horace had been seen hanging around the stage door of the Greenville Opera House at closing time. For a while it was not definitely known whether he was interested in the marble game in the alley or whether he was looking for the combination of the office safe. Then came the startling news that he had been seen in the company of this beauty. The clinching evidence was a photo of a girl in a riding habit found in his den. Inquiries proved that it could not belong to his father, to any of his eight brothers, or to his sister.

As this news of Horace's folly spread, the frenzy of the would-be vampires of high school grew. His chums disclaimed all knowledge of the offending photograph. Nothing could be done except to ask Horace himself, and thus end the horrible uncertainty. So a committee of seven was dispatched to Horace's den, and there they awaited his arrival.

"Who is she?" were the words that greeted him as he opened the door.

"Isobel" he shrieked.

"Isobel what?" said the committee, sternly.

"Isobel Necessaryonabicycle," moaned Horace and collapsed.

MARGARET BROWN, '24.

The Ghost

It first was seen on East Main Street
Then next was seen on Fourth,
But all agree, who saw it, that
It slowly did walk forth.

The Ghost turned and with a solemn tread
Led down the narrow street;
When 'twas first seen this ghost was,
As white as any sheet.

It then turned blue and disappeared
'Twas lost to human sight,
The spector gone; the spectators
Ran quite away with fright.

When Doc. White told what he had seen,
The folks began to grin
Some talked of hootch; some otherwise;
Some said it must have been.

RICHARD MURPHY

"Ye True Repertory of the Wracke and Redemption of Ye G. H. S."

AS RELATED AY A. CLAYBRICK.

"Yes, it's gone, that good old building whose weather beaten walls have stood nigh onto sixty years. Well, I guess it's all fer the best. As 'tis said in the big book, "The old order changeth, yielding its place in many ways." Jist think back thar a few years when that old buildin' was new. Some celebration was in this town then. The large number of thirty-seven pupils wint then, an' some folks then predicted twouldn't never see the time whin a new building would be needed. I fer one was glad, fer I was so proud. Well, time passed and years flew and I got old and so did the rest. Winter after winter, storm after storm, spring after spring, class after class, professor after professor I saw them all go. The building became aged, growing older each day, as though it were a human, but had not the heart to lament.

But could the mute walls just speak now, I'm sure they'd say much. What they couldn't speak of all that there educatin wouldn't be worth, mentionin,—of all that gomerty, trigometry, them sciences, that English, French Spanish, and them other higher learnin, not to mention what squalls and tempests have raged within the walls themsilves.

Yes--Yes, it's gone. Then as the years flew, some folks got tired of old G. H. S and calculated that a new building was needed. Yes, 'twas very sorrowful fer us old fellers to hear, but I guiss it's all for the best. Us old fellers get in the way, and new uns of smooth complexion and physical energy take the place of us old uns with wrinkled brows and weather beaten color.

W. D. Brumbaugh, Jr.

Chaw! Chaw! Chaw!

Did you ever go into the country and notice a cow standing in a field under a shade tree, leisurely chewing her cud? Her eyes had a far away, dreamy look as she slowly turned her cud over and over in her mouth. Have you ever seen anything that reminded you of that nice old cow? If not, just watch some of the students of G. H. S. Like the jersey, they often stand still and leisurely chew their gum, but frequently the performer gets excited and the mouth flies open and shut as quickly as a trap door.

In the assembly those who seem to believe in giving their jaws daily exercise, get so interested that they sit on the edge of the seat and work their jaws as if their lives depended upon so many "chaws" per second. If you feel disposed to chew get a stick of gum, put it in your mouth, sit in front of a mirror and chew to your heart's content Take a good look at yourself from the front and the side. After watching yourself for sometime, you will never impose upon the public by such gymnastics outside your own room.

Vesta Riffle

Getting Back to Formalcy

(With apologies to W. G. Harding.)

Our High School is in a terrible condition, a deplorable condition. In fact it is now so bad that we, the noble staff are losing valuable sleep over it.

The first magnanimous discord is "The Chewing Gum Menace" or "The Broken Jaw." As soon as we step in the door we "hear" that it is good. Everywhere we turn we are confronted by gaping mouths which waggle perpetually and at the same time try to talk English. Whenever we walk we tread on sticky, stretchy, clinging gobs of worn out chicle. Little mounds, like wasp nests, on seats, walls, tables, etc., are merely the last resting places of the brave soldiers from Wrigley. The tinfoil wrappers overflow the waste baskets, litter the floor, and congest the hallways. No longer does the smell of the "Spanish National Flower" perfume the breeze. It is replaced by the stale odor of Spearmint, Doublemint, or Juicy-Fruit. Our High School motto seems to have become "Chew it after every meal, and until the next one." The only reason we do not put our nickels in the Monday savings account is that there are no nickels left after buying the daily stock of gum. In actual figures compiled by Mr. Martz, if all the gum used in one year was rolled into a ball it would overshadow the moon, which, according to Miss Lindsey would be indeed disastrous.

The second reason for our insomnia is "Our Boy Problem" or "Why They Split Their Pants." No longer do we see the modest, sensible old fashioned form of trousers. They are now ripped up the side anywhere from six inches to six feet, and sometimes a bit of lace is inserted in the aperture. This fad has probably been started by the Paris, Boston and Ivory Companies as an advertisement. Everyone who owns a pair of scissors or a razor has his trousers split Each morning we hear them flopping as they approach old G. H. S. They flop, flop, flop in time to the syncopation of their owner's jaw on a strip of eating gum. Now this new form of Scottish kilts would not be so bad, were it not for the colds contracted from undue exposure This in turn causes a great increase in the consumption of camphor, and if it is not soon stopped we will not have any more moth-balls.

The third and last article on our list of reasons for floor walking is "The Powder Can." No, no, don't become nervous, it won't explode, we were referring to a can containing face-powder. These "cans" are built on the general plan of a corpulent half dollar, and are carried everywhere. At breakfast or dinner, in school or out, at dance or party, you may see the girls in the act of redecorating the landscape. Nor is it confined merely to girls. The female end of the faculty, our mothers, and even our grandmothers do it. Sometimes you will even find certain young men who have so far forgotten their dignity as to borrow a "can" from some sweet young thing. These conditions are outrageous and are leading us to certain ruin, but even these could be borne stoically, were it not for the possible dangers of this wide-spread habit. Suppose now that just after the female population had finished powdering and started for school, that there should come a big wind. It would raise such a dust cloud that the people in Cincinnati would think the Town Hall was on fire, and maybe someone would have heart-failure and die. Or, suppose it should suddenly start raining. The powder would be washed off in such quantities that it would clog the storm sewers and we would have a big flood.

Therefore we enter our plea for shorter hours, more pay, and less work.

JOHN COLEMAN

Too Troo---Troo Too

The old fountain pen is covered with rust,
But sturdy and staunch it stands,
And the old school books are strong with must
And the papers cling to the bands.
Time was when the fountain pen was new
And the school books were used every where.
That was the time when the boy rushed in
And slammed them in a chair

"I'll put 'em away when I come back,
They won't slide off," he said.
So he beat it down to the swimmin' hole
Like he was out of his head.
(You've been there perhaps sometimes,
You know just how it goes;
Where a guy happens to throw his books
Nobody ever knows.)

But faithful to the end they stand
Each in the same old place.
Awaiting the grab of the searching hand
And the grin on the sunburned face.
(I really hate to end this tale,
But I am sadly stuck.
I'll have to hurry to my Geom
Or I'll be out of luck.)

ROBERT HOFFMAN, '24.

Student Census of G. H. S.

Regularly enrolled	552
Expect to get rich	469
Get rich	18
Talk about Einstein's theory	331
Know what it is	0
Talk about their "dates"	509
Have "dates"	67
Refer to Principal Bailey as C. L.	161
Refer to him as Bailey	206
Refer to him as Mr. Bailey	39
Refer to him as Principal Bailey	6
Don't refer to him at all	31
Kick about their lessons	552
Have any kick coming	3
Think they're funny	552
Are funny	17
Talk about the ill effects of "hot fudge sundaes"	207
Eat "hot fudge sundaes"	207
Agree with their teachers	552
Understand them	26
Owe theme paper, pens, pencils, etc	552
Expect to pay it	0
Boast about our good library	451
Use it	13
Rave about "Rodolph"	277
Number of girls in H. S.	277
Think this column is rotten	551

Emma Jane Berkheimer, '24

G. H. S. Directory

Go to Miss Kidwell to learn manners.
Go to Turkey Warner and Peg Landis for advice on being happy.
Go to Mr. Metzger for an innocent expression.
Go to Lenore for a fine line of make up.
Go to Leona for advice on selling annuals.
Go to Stentzel for a full line of shoe goods
Go to Norma to learn how to flirt successfully.
Go to Mr. Bailey for advice on skipping
Go to Mr. Allen for advice on Woman Suffrage.

Assembly Periods in G. H. S.

It would well repay the visitor of G. H. S. to visit one of the assemblies. During one of these periods everything is quiet (?) except for an occasional snore from some Freshman. In one part of the room the visitor may see the type of student who upholds the intellectual standing of the school. In another one may see that type commonly called the single track brain, and that, usually, on the wrong track. The visitor may also notice that the student is not even allowed to sleep in peace, but is given a love tap on the shoulder by the teacher. However, there is a silver lining to these periods; when the student is bored he can reach under the desk and find any brand of chewing gum he wishes, and by a perpendicular motion of the jaw, relieve the monotony for the remainder of the period

GENROSE SCHREEL, '24

"In The Making"

"I scratch my head:
I think and think;
I stick my pen
Within the ink,
I tear my paper
In pieces small;
I can not write
A poem at all."

"I bite my nails;
I tear my hair;
I sharpen a pencil
Again, with care.
I pace the floor,
But all in vain;
I mark on the paper
Again and again."

"My mind is blank
As blank can be;
And from my brain
It seems to me
My senses are leave-taking.
Oh woe to me
That I should be
A poet in the making."

ALINE DUNHAM, '25.

I'm surely glad I
learned to draw.
My talent may be
far from strong,
But every day,
In every way,
It helps our
"Chief" along.

Calendar

March 29—Our agriculture students attend picture show at the Wayne. Many happy faces.
March 31—Freshman rhetoricals, "A Troublesome Tramp."
April 3—Mr. Zimmerman speaks on "Insurance." Invest your money, boys.
April 7—Fire Prevention Day. Mrs. Kerlin speaks on "Pests." We still have a few.
April 14—"History of Greenville" discussed by Mr. Wilson. Aren't we ancient?
April 18—Musical program by some Filipinos.
April 20—Gymnasium classes entertain us with a program of skill. Mr. McCool talks on "The Educational Side."
April 21—Arbor Day. Students plant trees. How many will grow?
April 28—Mr. Allen's civics class gives the "Grant Memorial" program. Sophomore rhetoricals, "All on a Summer's Day."
May 12—Field Day. Great success. Seniors win; freshman, second; juniors, third; and sophomores, fourth. Last day of school for the seniors.
May 14—Baccalaureate sermon.
May 15-17—Examinations. Many woebegone faces.
May 15 Musical program. A howling success.
May 16—Junior-Senior reception. Stupendous affair.
May 17—Senior Class play, "Clarence." Best one ever.
May 18—Commencement.
May 19—Last day of school. Freshman picnic at Glen Miller. Rather far away for them. Alumni banquet. Sophomore picnic at Overlook.
May 22—Seniors picnic at Overlook.
May 23—Juniors spend second day of vacation at Overlook. Good eats.
Vacation —Summer spent in hard labor by everyone.
Sept. 4—School opens about as usual.
Sept. 15—G. H. S. loses first foot ball game to Alumni.
Sept. 20—Receive new seats in Chapel. Mr. Peden, Mr. Fry, and John McEowen entertain us.
Sept. 22—Gettysburg's foot ball squad defeated by G. H. S.; 9-7.
Sept. 29—Our foot ball team hoodooed by Xenia; 12-0.
Spanish Club hike. How about the "Knickers?"
Oct. 2—Senior meeting. Officers elected.
Oct. 6—We win an easy foot ball game at Versailles.
Oct. 13—West Alexandria's scalp taken by us in a big foot ball game.
Oct. 20—G. H. S. squelches Troy; 7-6.
Oct. 24—Juniors elect officers.
Oct. 26—Freshman organize.
Senior party at North building. Everybody has a good time.
Oct. 27—Our professors take a vacation and leave for Columbus.
Oct. 30—Officers elected by sophomores.
Nov. 3—G. H. S. is victorious over Piqua; 13-6. Big crowd and lots of pep.
Freshman, sophomore, and junior parties. All say they had a grand time.
Nov. 10—G. H. S. annexes another foot ball victory from Bradford; 20-0.
Nov. 17—Pep meeting. Coleman has a real program.
Nov. 17—Our squad takes University of Dayton preps by surprise. Score 24-0, in our favor.
Nov. 24—G H. S. has tough luck at Miamisburg; 6-6.
Nov. 29—Grade cards, and a few happy faces, too.
Thanksgiving vacation.
Plenty of work for the doctors.
Dec. 4—Thrift talks by Mr. Tillman, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Krickenberger, and Mr. Katzenberger.
Dec. 5—Mr. Gaskill speaks on "Commercialism."
Dec. 7—French Club Party. Good eats.
Dec. 8—Chapel. Hear a fine talk by Mr. King of Ohio Weslyan.
Dec. 14—Art Club Party or feed.
Dec. 15—Award foot ball "G's" at chapel. All our great orators speak.
Basket ball game. Alumni defeats G. H. S.; 15-14.
Dec. 22—Sketches, Skits, and Stunts by the students. Nuf's said.
Ansonia takes our measure in basket ball.
Christmas Vacation. All was quiet in the Old West School Building.
Jan. 5—G. H. S. again hoodooed by Tippecanoe City; 23-13.
Jan. 12—Bad day in basket ball. Gettysburg 39 and G. H. S. 13.
Jan. 16—Temperance Day. We hear a splendid talk by Rev. Wurtz.

Jan. 19—We take revenge on Bradford. Score 15-14.
Jan. 25-26—First semester finals. Blue days.
Jan. 26—Team fights hard but falls before Union City; 29-17.
Feb. 2—G. H. S. defeated by Piqua; 42-27.
Feb. 9—Our basket ball squad defeats Versailles in very rough game; 19-14.
Feb. 12—Dick B. arrives at school minus his coat, but soon returns to his home. (?).
Feb. 14—Physics notebooks disappear. Mr. Metzger thinks we shall find them when the building is torn down.
Feb. 16—Most famous day in our history.
Contract for new building given to Mr. Yager (This means we shall soon move.)
Annual staff gives printing contract.
But G. H. S. loses basket ball game to Bradford.
Feb. 21—Chapel. Mr. Bailey occupies the center of the stage and broadcasts a lecture on "School in Memorial Hall."
Feb. 22-23—No school. It must be awful to be a man and have to help move.
Feb. 26—We're moved.
March 2—Chapel. Moving pictures. Escaped two classes.
March 13—Group Pictures for annual.

MARY MCCABE, '23.

The Music Memory Contest in Greenville

The department of Music of the Public Schools of Greenville held a Music Memory Contest, in Memorial Hall, January the nineteenth, in which much interest was shown not only by the pupils but by the parents as well.

Lists of well known classics with the name and nationality of composers were distributed throughout the schools for those wishing to compete.

With the aid of the Victrola and piano at home and school, the pupils became familiar with the selections, which were about fifty in number.

The preliminary test was made in the grades, beginning with the fifth grade and in the High School. Those who had a certain percent were eligible for the contest.

On the night of the event twenty selections were played on organ, piano, violin, saxophone, 'cello and cornet, by Professor Ostheimer and some of the talented pupils of the High School.

The awards in the High School were: First prize, Betty Kemble; second prize, Mable Metcalf; third prize, Winona Sharkey. Pupils from the North and South buildings captured the prizes for the grades.

The prizes were presented by the proprietors of the music stores of the city.

The interest shown by the pupils and the high grades made by the contestants and the enthusiasm of the general public made it a great success.

RUTH YOUMANS, '23.

Class Night Program

Music ..... *by the High School Orchestra*

Class Play—"Clarence"—A Comedy in Four Acts ..... *by Booth Tarkington*

Directed by Miss Edna Kidwell, English Department ..... *Greenville High School*

The Plot

Clarence has no medals, no shoulder bars, no great accomplishment. One of the "five million" he served where he was sent—though it was no further than Texas. As an entomologist he found on this side of the ocean no field for his specialty in the great war. So they set him to driving mules.

Now, reduced to civil life and seeking a job, he finds a position in the home of one Wheeler, a wealthy Englewood man with a family. And because he'd "been in the army," he becomes guide, philosopher and friend to the members of that same agitated and distracted family group. Clarence's position is an anomolous one. He mends the bathroom plumbing, he tunes the piano, he types—off stage—he plays the saxophone. And around him revolves such a group of characters as only Booth Tarkington could offer. It is a real American comedy.

Those marvelous young people, Cora and Bobby Wheeler, are portrait sketches warranted to appeal to every one but the "originals." Their truth will be lost on the "flapper" and the "prep" school youth, but to their parents and guardians, to all, indeed, who have emerged from the serious, self-conscious period of adolescence, they will be an enduring joy.

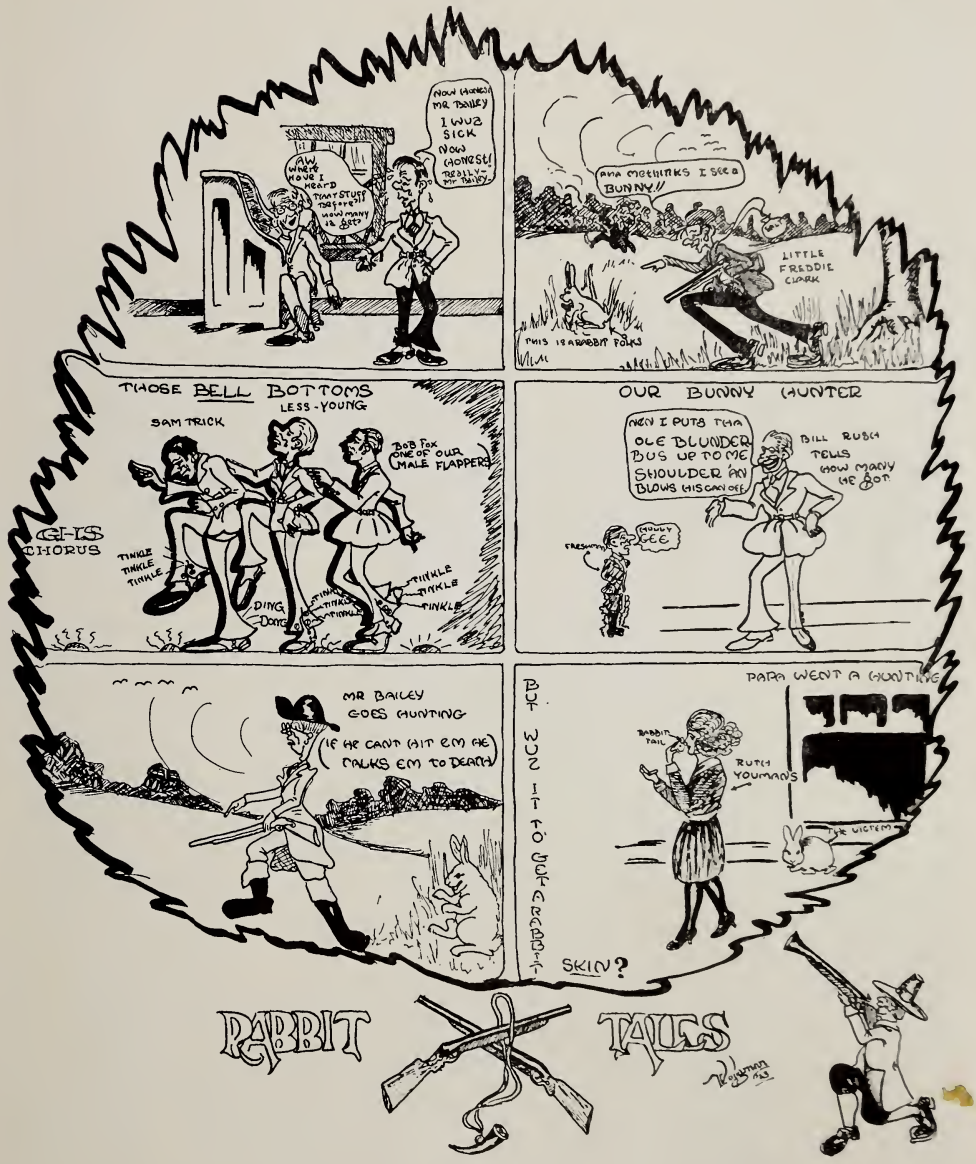
The Cast

Mrs. Martyn ..... Gertrude Runkle
Mr. Wheeler ..... Charles Mangan
Mrs. Wheeler ..... Goldie Campbell
Bobby Wheeler ..... Philip Harris
Cora Wheeler ..... Pauline Holzapfel
Violet Pinney ..... Aletha Faust
Clarence ..... Myers Clark
Della ..... Kathryn Dohme
Dinwiddie ..... Glen Rebka
Hubert Stem ..... Birely Landis
Property Man ..... Chalmer Rehmert

The Scenes

Act I—The ante-room to Mr. Wheeler's private office. New York.
Act II—Living-room of Mr. Wheeler's home, Englewood, New Jersey.
Act III—The same. That evening.
Act IV—The same. Next morning.

Special furniture and lamps furnished by the Mozart Department Store.


NOW HONEY MR BAILEY I WUZ SICK NOW HONEST! REALLY-BUT BAILEY
AW WHERE HOVE I HEARD THAT STUFF BEFORE?? HOW MANY IS SET?
AHA METHINKS I SEE A BUNNY!!
LITTLE FREDDIE CLARK
THIS IS A RABBIT FOLKS
THOSE BELL BOTTOMS LESS-YOUNG
SAM TRICK
BOB FOX ONE OF OUR MALE FLAPPERS
GHS CHORUS
TINKLE TINKLE TINKLE
DING DONG
TINKLE TINKLE TINKLE
OUR BUNNY HUNTER
WEN I PUTS THA OLE BLUNDER BUS UP TO ME SHOULDER AN BLOWS HIS CAN OFF
BILL RUSH TELLS HOW MANY HE SOT
FRESHMEN
SHUDDY SEE
MR BAILEY GOES HUNTING
(IF HE CANT HIT EM HE TALKS EM TO DEATH)
BUT WUZ IT TO GET A RABBIT SKIN?
PAPA WENT A HUNTING
RABBIT TAIL
RUTH YOUMAN'S
THE VICTIM
RABBIT TALES

The Old Bell, 1868-1923

The Old Bell is now in its final resting place, in the museum of Carnegie Library. It was moved from the tower of old G. H. S. February 28th, 1923, by Washington Hamilton, John Vermillion, Robert Culbertson, Lester Young, Maurice Rhoades, Adam Sechrist and Lowell Hyer.

Before 1900 it was rung three times at the opening of school, morning and afternoon, after the third bell an interval of five minutes elapsed until the tolling of the bell, or tardy bell, which meant all were to be at work.

This Song was sung at Commencement 1882

How sweet have been our school days;
Ah! Soon they've passed us by.
We know not where they glided,
So swiftly did they fly.

CHORUS

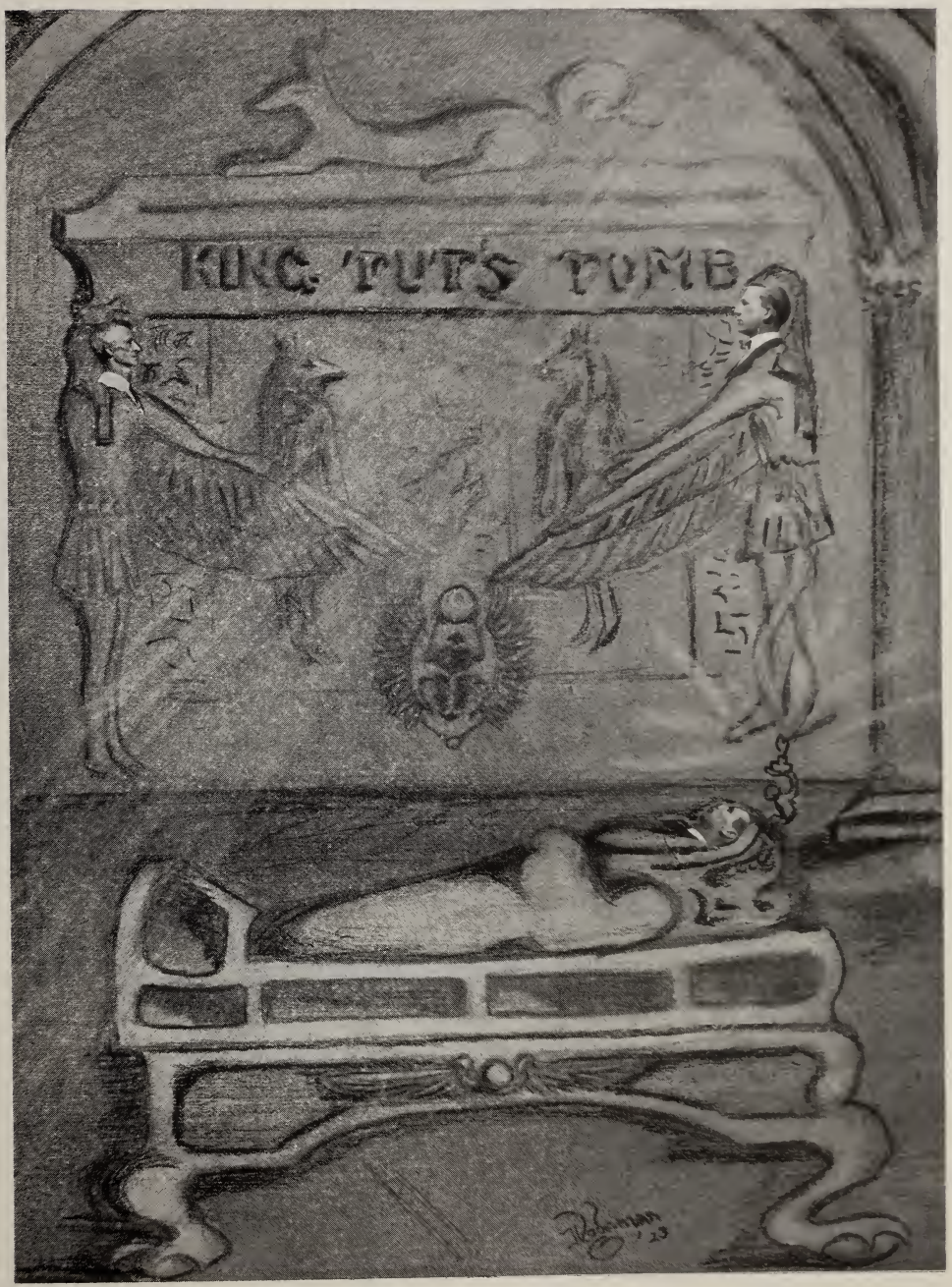
Oh, happy hours now, gone forever;
Happier each succeeding day.
As they fleeting, faster, faster,
Passed so like a dream away.

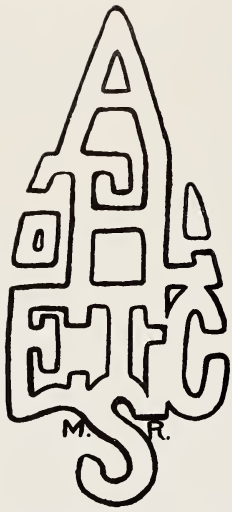
The churl may deem it weakness,
To speak, or sing their praise;
Yet fondly do we cherish,
Those happy, happy days.

CHORUS

They've gone those scenes of gladness;
And now, a sad farewell,
To teachers, school, and school-mates,
And last the dear old BELL.

KATHARINE MENKE


KING TUT'S TOMB



Officers of Athletic Association

President—John Rush.
Vice-president—Howard Minnich.
Secretary—Ruth Warner.
Student Manager—Paul McGreevey
Student Representative—John Winters.

Board of Control

Chairman, C. L. Bailey, Principal.
President, John Rush
Secretary, Ruth Warner.
Student Representative, John Winters.
Coach, R. F. Peden.
Faculty Manager, J. O. Fry.

Our Coach

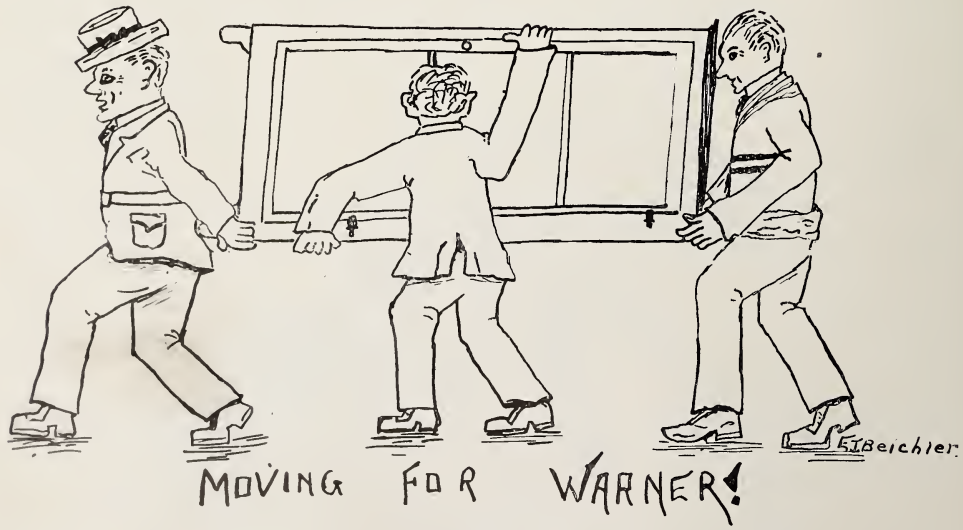
Behind the success of G. H. S. in athletics this year are some interesting facts. One is that Roy F. Peden is athletic director. Mr. Peden came to us last fall from Otterbein, there he had won letters in football, basketball and track. He has to his credit such records as "Big Six Pole Vault" also "Third place in Pole Vault" at Paris Olympic Games 1918. Captain of Otterbein Football and Track Teams, and all-state full back in 1921.

Peden has done wonders this year in athletics. He has increased the interest, causing more to come out for the teams, and raised the athletic standard to a higher plane. The fact that he has turned out a winning team in football, from only common material, speaks well for him.

When Mr. Drake left us last year we did not know whether his place could be filled or not, but we are no longer worried because Coach Peden has filled it well.

If Coach Peden remains with us the coming year we can be reasonably sure of success in athletics for G. H. S.

Top Row:—Peden, Coach; Buchy, Mergler, O'Brien, Petry, Wilson, M. Hartle, W. Rush, Fry, Manager.
Center Row:—B. Hartle, Eidson, Witters, Reck, Batten, Clark, Jones, Shields.
Lower Row:—J. Rush, Johns, Tillman, Winters, McEowen, Captain; Minnich, Brooks, Brumbaugh, Dunham.



Football

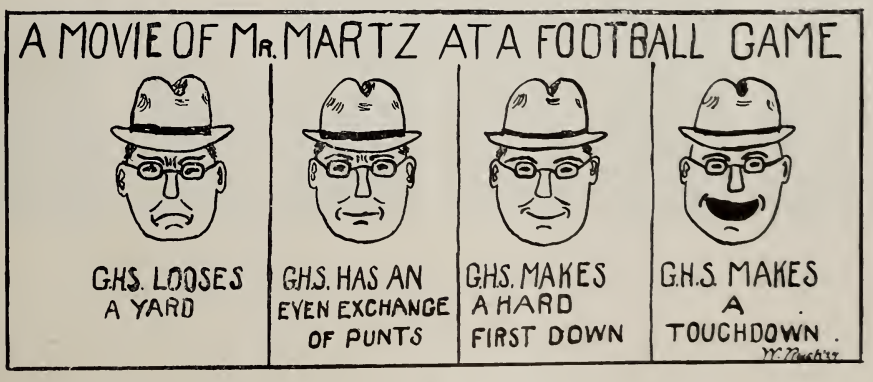
Our season opened with good prospects and plenty of material. Of course it was not all seasoned material but a great deal of it was. We had a new coach, Mr. R. F. Peden of Otterbein who was to do wonders for the promotion of athletics in G. H. S. When Mr. Peden began to shape up material for a squad he certainly had his hands full, but finally managed to get a fair team together the second week of practice and stacked them against the Alumni. It was a hard fought contest and the Varsity battled against great odds only to go down to a defeat. The next week Gettysburg came to Greenville to go down before a 9-7 score after a hard fought battle. The following week our squad journeyed to Xenia to stack up against it, holder of the Miami Conference Cup in Class "B" schools. Our squad seemed to be in the pink of condition but the trip in automobiles or something put us out. Our squad did not show their regular brand of football and went down to defeat 12-0. Although this was a defeat it seemed to be the making of ours quad. They found they would have to fight to win, and so got down to work and began to accomplish things.

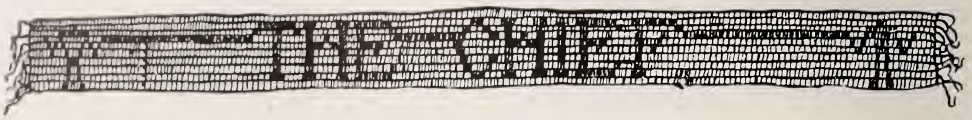
Our squad had no individual stars although we had some exceptionally good players, but our team was operated on the principal of every man in every play, and it surely did succeed.
As our team was always reliable, we could feel safe that G. H. S. would "bring back the bacon," and so she did in nearly every case.

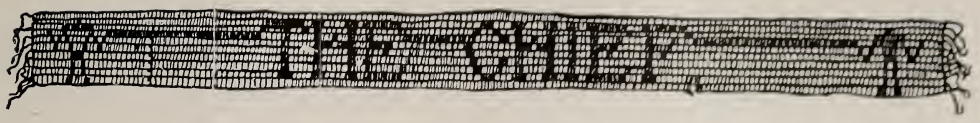
Among the good games of our schedule was that with Troy, a hard fought game closing with a score of 7-6, the first victory over Troy in many years. Another change in football tradition for G. H. S. was our victory over Piqua with a score of 13-6, and such seemed to be our luck until we came to the last game of the season, that with Miamisburg. We journeyed down expecting to come out on top, as usual, but instead we were too overconfident or something and our fate was a final score of 6-6.

On the whole we made a good record for a high school team, and the man to thank for this is Mr. Peden because of the splendid way in which he secured co-operation and teamwork.

JOHN MCEOWEN. '23.


A MOVIE OF MR. MARTZ AT A FOOTBALL GAME
G.H.S. LOOSES A YARD
G.H.S. HAS AN EVEN EXCHANGE OF PUNTS
G.H.S. MAKES A HARD FIRST DOWN
G.H.S. MAKES A TOUCHDOWN.





Gettysburg at Greenville

The first game of the season was with our old rival Gettysburg. As usual they put up a hard fight. Although their squad outweighed ours we had the edge on them in training and when the final whistle blew, the score stood: Greenville 9—Gettysburg 7.

Greenville at Xenia

When Greenville journeyed to Xenia it seemed to be a good day for us. Our squad was in good shape, and the dope indicated that we should beat them if we had good luck.

We seemed to be off color or something and didn't get going right, so the result was, the only defeat of our football season, Xenia won 12-0.

Greenville at Versailles

Greenville made the trip to Versailles with grim determination to redeem herself of a defeat of the week before, and did it without much trouble. In fact the whole second team was sent in for about half of the game and the result was a 56-0 victory for Greenville.

Greenville at West Alexandria

A trip was made by the squad to our neighboring town of West Alexandria. Everyone was confident of winning the game, but for a while it did not look so good for us, as they held us to a tie for about one quarter. They could not hold us always. Finally we gained our stride and literally walked over them to a victory of 18-6.

Troy at Greenville

Troy came to Greenville with the expectation of repeating its former acts of trouncing G. H S. in football, but we did not feel that way. The result was as hard a battle as was fought on our gridiron for years. If we could have had our regular squad things would have been different, but as it was, by a play of our fullback in the first part of the game, a pass, Batten to Tillman, who ran about 40 yards to a touch down, put us in a winning position. Fight as they would we held them to one touchdown and they missed the try atgoal. The result was: Greenville 7—Troy 6.

Greenville at Piqua

Greenville journeyed to Piqua to again go against football traditions as she was determined to give Piqua a good trouncing. We were not disappointed because after a hard battle Greenville emerged with victory in her holds. When the game ended we were on top 13-6.

Bradford at Greenville

Bradford came to Greenville to break our winning streak as each team hoped to do, but she was doomed to defeat. In fact the game was so lax that we ran our second team in for about half of the game and although they did not score, they held their opponents. The game ended 20-0 in our favor.

U. of D. Preps at Greenville

The Preps came to Greenville with a good record. They had several pounds weight on us per man but old G. H. S. was not frightened. She went out and after one of the best fights she ever put up, won the game 24-0. We were at our zenith in power during that game, and 'twas said to be the best played game on our gridiron.

Greenville at Miamisburg

The squad journeyed to Miamisburg with the full intent of giving her a good trouncing. In fact enthusiasm was so high that some fellows started out to walk to the game. Everyone thought it would be an easy victory, but in reality it was far from that, as they were at home and in their fighting clothes it sure looked blue for us. We had lost our "pep" but regained it in a measure and tied the score, so that we emerged from that catastrophe with a 6-6 score.

Record of Last Four Years in Football

	Games Won	Games Lost	Games Tied	Total Scores Opponents	Total Scores G. H. S.
1919	2	7	0	129	150
1920	7	1	0	12	173
1921	6	1	1	26	236
1922	7	1	1	43	153
Four Years Total	22	10	2	210	712

GREENVILLE HI DEFEATED PIQUA

Both Teams Tied Until Last Four Minutes of the Game When Greenville Scores the Winning Points—Bradford to Play Here Next Friday.

The Greenville Hi Eleven won an interesting game from Piqua, Friday afternoon by the score of 13 to 6.

Greenville made their first touchdown a few minutes after the whistle blew. Winters carried the oval over the line for a goal.

The teams were well matched and played a good offensive and defensive game.

The second half of the game evened up the game when Piqua made a touchdown after a forty yard end run by one of the backs.

The score was tied until the last four minutes of the play when Greenville bucked the ball across for another touchdown.

Coach Peden and his team are to be highly complimented over the results of this game.

Greenville will play Bradford Hi here next Friday afternoon and a good, fast game is expected.

	1	2	3	4	Total
Greenville Hi	6	0	0	7	13
Piqua	0	0	6	0	6

Time of quarters 12 1-2
Referee—Thiele.
Umpire—Fleet.

GREENVILLE "HI" IS VICTOR

Defeat Getysburg "Hi" in Opening Game of Season 9 to 7.

Greenville's High School foot ball team opened their season's schedule Friday afternoon at Cole's Field by winning a hotly contested game from the Gettysburg team by a score 7 The teams were quite [illegible] Gettysb[illegible]he

GREENVILLE "HI" WINS AT WEST ALEXANDRIA

Greenville's high school foot ball team won a fine game at West Alex Friday afternoon when they defeated the High School team of that burg by a score of 18 to 6. The whole Greenville team was up on its toes and played a fast and aggressive game. Coach Peden is fast mo[illegible] the team int[illegible] high class or tion, and [illegible] to be di[illegible]

GREENVILLE WINS FROM PREP BUNCH

South Parkers Are Handed Decisive Trimming, Score Being 24 to 0.

In a one sided game played on the Greenville lot the University of Dayton Preps were handed the worst beating of their season yesterday when the Greenville team romped away with the long end of a 24-0 score.

At no time of the game were the Preps dangerous The Prep barbs aside from a few successful tri[illegible] the opening minutes their attempts t[illegible] ville line whi[illegible] attack of t[illegible] and was fi[illegible] On the [illegible]

VERSAILLES HI DEFEAED BY PEDEN'S 11

Local Gridders Scored 52 Points Against Versailles "0" Friday Afternoon.

Coach Peden's eleven brought the bacon from Versailles Friwher[illegible] defeated he latter touch- up.

BRADFORD LOST TO THE LOCALS

Coach Peden's Eleven Out Played Bradford at Every Angle of the Game—Score 20 to 0.

Greenville Hi's oval pushers won another game Friday afternoon, when they defeated the fast Bradfor[illegible] team which failed to recuperate e[illegible] put the oval across the [illegible] eleven playing thro[illegible]

GREENVILLE HI DEFEATS TROY HI 7 TO 6

The Greenville high school football team defeated the Troy high school team yesterday afternoon on Cole's Field, by the score of 7 to 6

Greenville received and on the first play made their lone touch down on a [illegible] pass by Batten to Tillman, forty yards after the catch, [illegible]our Troy players. Batten [illegible] with a

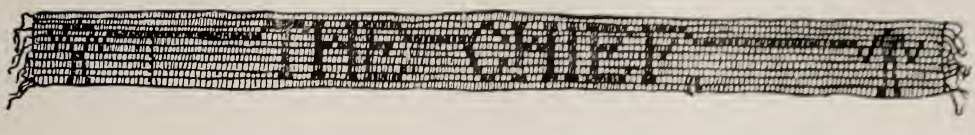
MIAMISBURG IS TIED BY LOCALS

Greenville High Team Finished a Successfull Season of Football With the Tie Game at Miamisburg

Greenville finished its football season with a [illegible] with Miami[illegible] burg. The ga[illegible] ment to Gre[illegible]

BASKET BALL

GREENVILLE



BASKET BALL

The Season

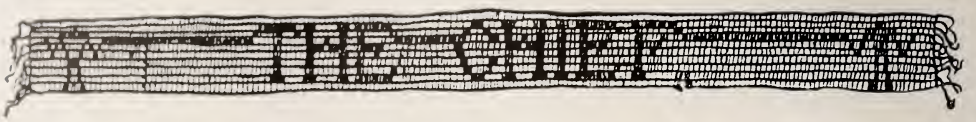
The season of 1922-23 was probably the most disastrous ever encountered by a Green and White team. Out of twelve games played but two were won. The squad started the season with new material, the entire team of last year having been lost by graduation. Then immediately after the first game the school was overtaken by an epidemic of grippe which took from active service, for periods varying from two to four weeks, practically three-fourths of the squad. This was the last straw. A glance at the seasons record will readily show the result.

At the tournament at Miami the team was eliminated in the first round of Class A competition.

However it can be said that the fighting spirit always evident in athletic teams representing G. H. S. was not lacking in the one and then opponents were always forced to go their best clip from whistle to whistle.

The outlook for next year is much brighter. With the loss of only two letter men, Captain Brooks and Cole, there will be plenty of seasoned material with which to develop a team. The spirit prevailing in the student body has not been quite up to the standard this year due mainly to the losing team.

With the spirit of former years and the assurance of a new gymnasium, the promise of a winning team awaits only the opening whistle of the season of 1924 for its fulfillment.



Top Row: —Fry, Manager; Teaford, Cole, Wenger, Woods, Roscoe Beanblossom, Peden, Coach.

Lower Row:—Eidson, Robert Beanblossom, Brooks, Captain; Witters, Tillman, Minnich.

Basket Ball 1922-1923

December 15	Greenville 14	Alumni 15
" 22	" 18	Ansonia 29
January 5	" 13	Tipp City 21
" 12	" 29	Gettysburg 39
" 19	" 15	Bradford 14
" 26	" 17	Union City 29
February 2	" 27	Piqua 47
" 9	" 19	Versailles 14
" 16	" 12	Bradford 25
" 21	" 11	Troy 22
" 23	" 11	Union City 20
MARCH 2 TOURNAMENT AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY		
	Greenville 2	Wilmington 23
	" 188	Opponents 298

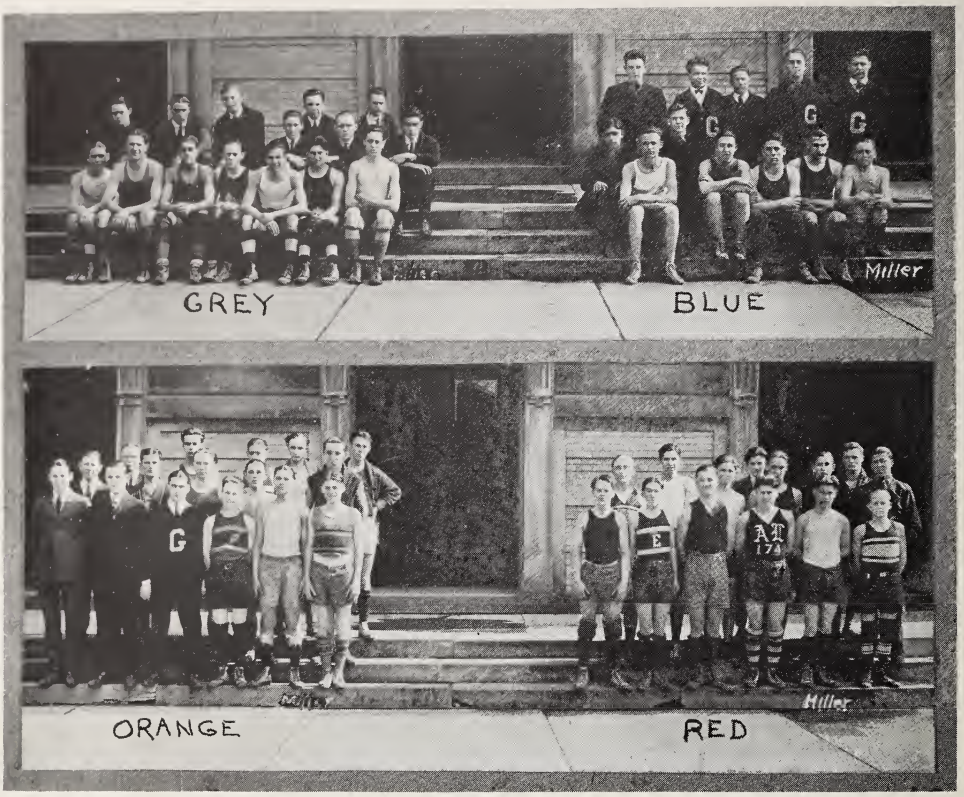
Field Day

The Third Annual Field Meet of the Greenville Public Schools was held April 12, 1922. It exceeded all former ones in interest and sportsmanship.

In the morning a splendid pageant was given by the primary grades. This was followed by the various buildings having their athletes to contest to see which had the better. The South proved victorous, the East second, and North third.

The afternoon was given to the four classes in the High School to contest. This proved highly interesting and entertaining. After an afternoon of doubtful struggle the Seniors led, Freshman second, Juniors third, and Sophomores fourth.

The interest in this meet showed a marked increase over all former ones as most of the members of the schools and many citizens were present. We hope in years to follow these meets shall be looked forward to as the one great event of the school year.



Standing of the League.

	GAMES WON	GAMES LOST
Red No. 1	5	1
Orange No. 1	3	3
Blue No. 1	3	3
Gray No. 1	1	5
Red No. 2	2	0
Orange No. 2	2	0
Gray No. 2	0	2
Blue No. 2	0	2

Girls' Athletics

The girls did not have inter-class teams nor group games because of change of schedule and the moving of the High School to the Memorial Hall from the High School Building.

Practice was held in the Gym. on Tuesday and Thursday after school at the beginning of the year and much pep and spirit was shown. If teams could have been organized we might have had interesting games having many from which to select.

In the different classes, Basketball and Volley Ball teams were organized and many exciting games were played.

The girls are looking forward to track practice in the hope of making the Field Meet better than any heretofore.

In last years Track Meet the honors were carried off by Hester Winters, Freshman, taking first honor in three events; Frances Kurz, Senior, taking first honor in two and second in one: Mary Lephart, Freshman, taking first honor in one and second in two.

Wearers of the "G".

Robert Beanblossom	Basket Ball	
Roscoe Beanblossom	Basket Ball	Base Ball
Claude Brooks	Basket Ball	Foot Ball
George Buchy		Foot Ball
Alfred Clark		Foot Ball
Jefferis Cole	Basket Ball	
Robert Culbertson		Foot Ball
George Eidson	Basket Ball	
Byron Hartle		Foot Ball
Howard Lytle		Base Ball
John McEowen		Foot Ball
Clarence Mergler		Foot Ball
Howard Minnich	Basket Ball	Foot Ball
Myron Reck		Foot Ball
John Rush		Foot Ball
Howard Tillman	Basket Ball	Foot Ball
Gus Wenger	Basket Ball	
Larimer Wilson		Foot Ball
John Winters		Foot Ball
Dan Witters	Basket Ball	Foot Ball

Those Awarded Foot Ball "G's."

Batten	McEowen
Reck	Minnich
Wilson	Rush
Witters	Brooks
Buchy	Winters
Mergler	Tillman

Those Awarded Basket Ball "G's."

Roscoe Beanblossom	Brooks
Robert Beanblossom	Tillman
Cole	Eidson
Minnich	Witters
Wenger	

The Inter-High-School Stenography, Typewriting and Music Contest.

Was held April 14, at the Memorial Hall and proved to be the greatest event of the school year. It was looked forward to with great enthusiasm by every one as they all wished G. H. S. might be victorious. It was through the talent of our students and the able supervision of our instructors that we were able to win.

The results of the Typewriting contest: First year: First, Echo Lephart, Greenville; Second, Mary Kerst, Greenville; Third, Emma Evans, Celina. Second Year: First, Esther Onkst, Greenville; Second, Alvera Stroefer, New Bremen; Third, Helen Hoenie, Celina.

In the teams Greenville came first, Celina second and Piqua third.

In Stenography the results were: First year: First, Robert Hoffman, Greenville; Second, Margaret Roecker, Piqua; Third, Zelda Weaver, Greenville. Second Year: First, Nellie Kelley, Celina; Second, Thelma Peffly, Greenville; Third, Marvel Weihmeyer, New Bremen.

The final score was: Greenville 42, Celina 19, Piqua 7, and New Bremen 4.

The music preliminary for vocal and instrumental solos was held in the afternoon. The following won, and appeared on the evening program: Dean Settlage, New Bremen; Helen Wysong, Celina; Iliah Clark, Greenville; Martha Smith, Piqua; Harold Adams, Piqua; Anna McDougal, Celina; Dora Rudy, Covington, and Dorothy Smelker, New Madison.

The Piqua Band accompanied the contestants from that school and added interest to the program. It played several splendid numbers. The music program was given in the evening and proved very interesting.

The winners were: Vocal solos: First, Iliah Clark, Greenville; Second, Dean Settlage, New Bremen; Third, Martha Smith, Piqua.

Instrumental solos; First, Anna McDougal, Celina; Second, Harold Adams, Piqua; Third, Dora Rudy, Covington.

Piqua's mixed octette won first; Greenville second, and Celina third.

Piqua's orchestra also won first as would have their Glee Clubs had they conformed with the rules of the contest.

The final score in the musical was: Greenville 43; Piqua 42; Celina 17; Covington 1, and New Bremen 3. This made a final score of Greenville 85; Piqua 49; Celina 36, New Bremen 7, and Covington 1.

This score awarded Greenville the two beautiful loving cups and also gave her the privilege of entertaining the contestants next year if she wishes.

Although this was the first year of the contest great interest was shown by the various contesting schools and in future years there will be increased interest shown and it will prove to be very beneficial to the contestants and promote interest in these departments.

Senior Song.

Adapted from "Across the Field."

Gather round, ye loyal class-mates,
Lift each voice till echoes ring.
Loudly praise with loyal voices,
'Tis of Greenville that we sing.
Always first in deeds of courage
Are our men in every game!
See them sweep the wide, wide field.
Making great our High School Fame!

CHORUS.

Blue and the Grey,
Blue and the Grey.
The Blue, The Grey,
The Blue and Grey.

Ever true her sons and daughters,
Scattered far throughout the land.
By her strength and love united,
As one mighty host we stand
Peacock Blue and Grey forever,
Courage that will never fail,
We will answer to their call.
So to Blue and Grey all hail!

CHORUS.

Some Definitions.

Here are some of the definitions given by the pupils at a high school examination in England:

Stabilility is taking care of a stable.

A mosquito is a child of black and white parents.

Monastery is a place for monsters.

Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk.

Expostulation is to have small-pox.

Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible.

Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

William Allen Patty could not bear to part with a wad of gum one day last week so he parked it on the door of a class room until the class adjourned. *Tight wad!*

Mr. Allen (U. S. Hist.): "Every ten years the census (senses) is taken. Maybe, that is the reason some of us have so little."

Ruth Riegel translating in French: "One day the King was walking in his carriage."

William Allen Patty: (Telling of his trip through Europe) "We took buses and rode around Greenville."

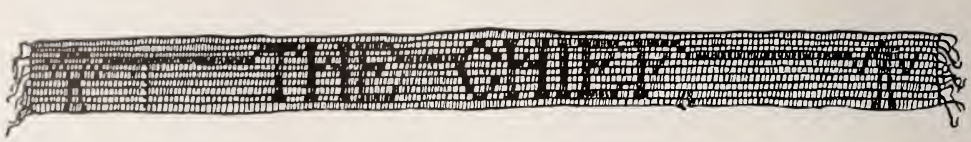
Slim Slimmer (just before boxing match): "Red, I pity you. I was born with boxing gloves on."

Red Witters: "Yes and maybe you'll die with them on."

Surprised Indeed.

Her cheeks were a scarlet red
Her eyes were azure blue
Her hair was just like cotton
When the wind blew———.

He asked her to marry him
She was astonished thru and thru
Then at last she asked him
Who to?————————Y-o-u?



Men Who Think They Can Cook

"Ouch!? $ That gol darned grease burns like the d- - -l. I thought when I put in five spoons full, that would fix those potatoes."

Such was the exclamation of Mr. Whiffle who was getting his own meals while his wife visited her sister for two weeks.

"Well, what do you know? Here I put water on the fire to wash the dishes with and then the maid takes it to wash the dog. I know right now I'm going to have a fine time while Ruth's gone."

Crash! Bang! Boom! "My lord but those aluminum trays are slick! There goes ten dollars for some more dishes." Whee! What stinks? Oh! I thought something else would have to happen here. I left the perculator on the fire and burned the top and handle clear off. Well I guess I'll have to eat I can't wait any longer. Gee! These potatoes are too greasy, I'd sooner do without than eat these old things. This coffee's too strong too; I followed the directions for making tea only I substituted coffee, that ought to be all right.

"Well, where in the thunder is the bread and butter, I guess I forgot to put them on. Well now if I can find the bread knife I'll soon have that fixed. Ouch! Holy Moses that's a sharp knife. Oh! Lucie! Lucie! Bring me a rag. Now you can clear off the table and clean things up, I'm going, to the restaurant for dinner. It's nearly two o'clock but I can't wait any longer."

LEANO SEDGEWICK, '25.

Mr. Gray: "Edwin, you will please make a sentence using the word 'Triangle' ".

Eddie: "The next time you go fishing try angle worms."

Miss Kidwell to Galen Booker: "Galen, what was Daniel Webster famous for?"

Galen: "Well he wrote the dictionary!"

Dave Hartle—(In Chemistry); "Trying to think how sulphur smells."

Joner Thomas: "Gee? But you're blank, I suppose you think a football coach is on four wheels."

HUMOR

W. LOHMAN

H. Wilson (To librarian): "Did Longfellow write Scott's Ivanhoe?"

Fred Clark explaining some lines in "Macbeth": "Here comes my fit of fear again."
Miss Kidwell: "Oh, Fred! Do you think it means that?"
Fred: "No, but that is what you said it meant a Friday."
Miss Kidwell: "Well then, in that case I have changed my mind!"

Mr. Ottman: "I'll give you this question and after it's had time to soak in, I'll call on some one to answer it."
(Time elapsed)
"Mayno you answer it."
Mayno Coning: "It hasn't soaked in yet."

James Dunham: "What kind of a typewriter have you got Sam?"
Sam Trick: "Same as your neck."
J. D.: "Underwood."
Sam T.: "How did you guess it?"

Mr. Gray: "What is the smallest State in Rhode Island?"
Dan Witters: "Ha! Ha!"
Mr. Gray: (innocently) "Rather the United States."

Mr. Allen: "Some people in Ohio think it is not safe to go to Kentucky unless they are well "armed."

Senior: "Is George Buchy in the room yet?"
Miss Kidwell: "I haven't heard any noise."

Miss Lair: "Who were the great writers of that time?"
Sterling Dangler: "Cicero and Pluto (Plato)."

We know a guy in this High School who is so dumb that he thinks a 50 yard dash is a punctuation mark, and a pole vault is a place where they put goal posts for safe keeping.

"The sun was sinking in the sink:
The man was really dying, I think.
'Where is it? where is it?' he cried,
'What? we asked as he sorrowfully sighed,
'The old school house' he said and died."

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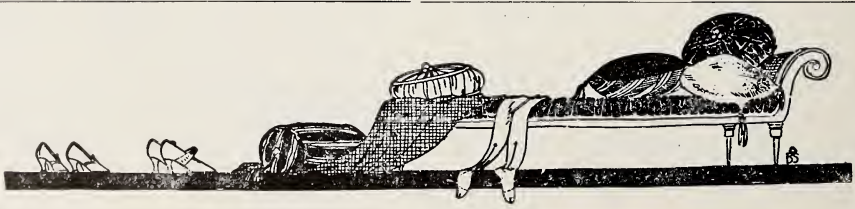

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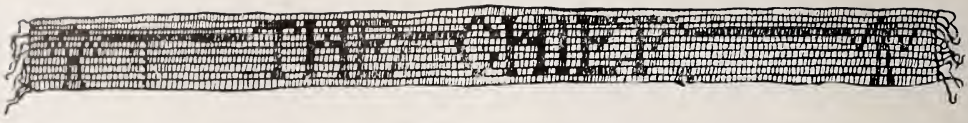

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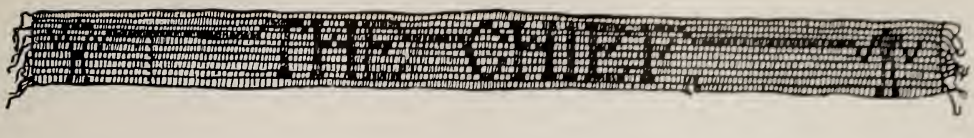

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Who while dancing one night stubbed her toe
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She just kept on her shoe
For her socks weren't darned, don't you know.

The parlor sofa hold the twain
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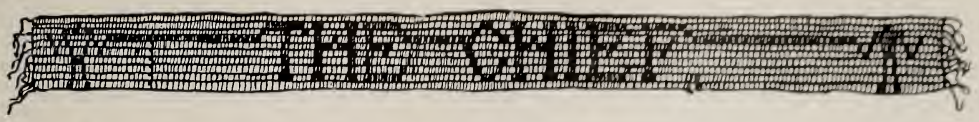
D. L. Gaskill, President
Karl Schmermund, Secretary.



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Miss Kidwell: "That would be all right."
A. R.: "Do you suppose you could get me one?"

Miss Bier: "What is this drawing supposed to be, Harrison?"
Harrison: "A train."
Miss B.: "But there are no coaches?"
Harrison: "Oh, the locomotive draws them."

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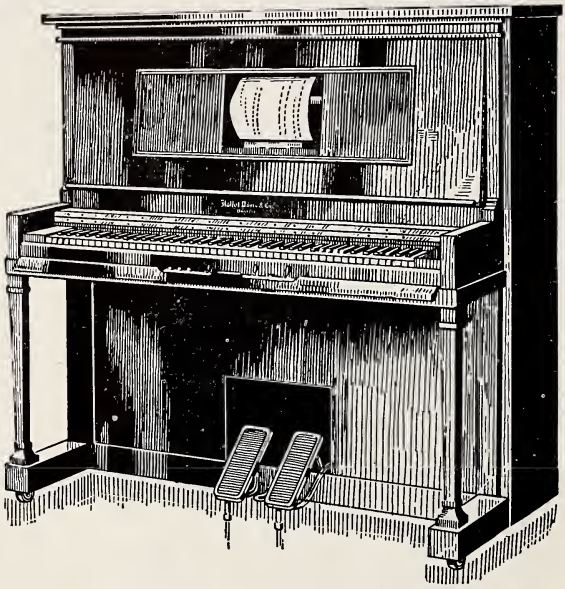

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R. D.: "I dunno."
Mr. B.: "You don't know?" (his suspicion growing)
R. D.: "Why, no, I left it at the dentists."

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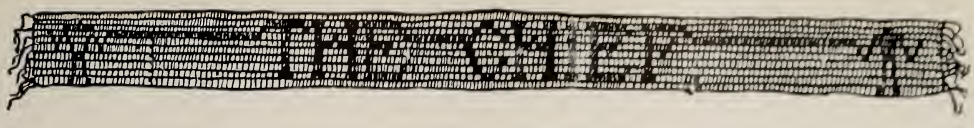

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Milton J.: "Dearest don't you crave affection?"
Betty: "Yes, but why treat me like a cafeteria, and help yourself?"

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